JUST YOU AND I.

If you and I, my dear, should try
To do what we know is duty,
This world of ours, with its sun and showers,
Would blossom into beauty.
There'd be more joy without alloy,
There'd be much less of sighing,
If you and I, my dear, should try,
And never give up trying.

If you and I, when the heavy sky
Spills over with its tears, dear,
And the world looks sad and the times are bad,
And life a waste of years, dear—
If you and I, as I said, should try
To laugh and be right cheery,
Do you know it would prove that light and love
Could make the day less dreary?

If you and I, when we'd like to cry,
Should hum a bit of tune, dear,
And gaily smile—in a little while
The weather'd seem like June, dear.
If when we fret, with eyes tear-wet,
O'er some of the things that bother,
We'd pitch right in with a hearty vim
And help dear, tired mother.

O wouldn't it be a happier world,
And wouldn't it be worth living,
If more and more from our heart's full store
Of love we'd just be giving?
So, dear, let's try, just you and I,
And never give up, O never!
And life will be brighter and sad hearts lighter
Because of our endeavor. —EXCHANGE.

JANIE.

"Miss Lois is going to the seashore," announced Mr. Baker, setting the cedar pail down heavily in the sink, the cool well-water splashing over its sides on the spotless floor of the kitchen. Mr. Baker gave a quick glance at his wife, as the water trickled over the well-scrubbed boards, and hastily repeated his bit of news, while reaching for the tin cup, hanging on its nail back of the sink.

"Going to the sea-shore? Miss Lois going to the sea-shore? When? What for?" Mrs. Baker, plying the floor cloth, and Janie, coming from the pantry rolling-pin in hand and a smudge of flour on one side of her nose, asked the questions.

Mr. Baker drank three times from the bright tin, before he seemed to hear the eager questions of his wife and daughter. Then he crossed the room to the cushioned rocker by the open porch window, and Janie waited till he had comfortably settled himself before she repeated her queries.

"Where is Miss Burnham going, father dear, and what for?"

"Got to," said Mr. Baker, sententiously, but with an amused twinkle in his eye. "Worn out all her clothes and going to study the fashions, I s'pose," he added.

"Miss Lois never'd go for that," answered his wife indignantly, as she drew out the table and proceeded to lay the noon cloth upon it.

Mr. Baker's face grew sober. "The doctor's ordered her off," he said in an altered tone. "Says she's all worn out, an' I believe it, more's the pity."

"What is she worn out with?" asked Janie, putting a tin of biscuit into the oven.

"Doing for folks, I imagine," said her father.

Trim little Mrs. Baker gave a quick sigh of sympathy, at which her husband's face clouded again. "She ain't any more worn out than you are," he said, affectionately, with a tender look at the little woman which well became his homely face. "She ain't any more worn out than you are," he repeated, "only she's got money, and we haven't. If I hadn't a had that bad stroke of luck, she wouldn't get any better resting up than you'd get yourself."

Mrs. Baker stopped her journeying to and from the pantry to kiss the little bald spot on her husband's head. Janie, standing at the stove, turning the thin slices of meat on the grid-iron, opened her eyes wide in astonishment. Not at the kiss. She was used to many such demonstrations of affection. Did not Harry always call father and mother the loons? But it was that mother should be so worn out as to bring a look like that to father's face—that mother should need anything father could not get for her. What could be the matter? She forgot her meat in this new anxiety and turned over the potatoes instead, in wondering abstraction.

The click of the gate and the sound of laughing voices on the way to the door aroused her to her duties, and soon the breathless children rushed in—Harry and Bobbet, Betty and Sally—as hungry as bears and as talkative as magpies.

Around the table, with its plain but wholesome food, they soon were crowded. Bobbet, his hand on a biscuit while the blessing was being asked, broke and liberally buttered it and announced between huge mouthfuls, "Miss Lois's goin' to Boston!" "No, she isn't," contradicted Sally, "She's goin' to the sea-shore."

"Well, she can't get to the sea-shore 'thout goin' to Boston, stupid," retorted Bobbet. "Eat bread, can't you?" he added in a grieved tone. "I thought girls liked bread."

"Hush! Robert," said Mrs. Baker. "There are plenty of biscuit, and Sally is right. Miss Lois need not go to Boston."

The children chattered busily on, speculating on this and that phase of Miss Lois' great undertaking. For Baynesville had not yet fallen into the whirlpool of travel which has overtaken so large a part of our towns, great or small, and that anyone, and Miss Lois in particular, should plan a trip merely for health, not only astonished all who heard it, but seemed to reflect a little glory upon even the Baker children, as citizens of the same village and life-long acquaintances of Miss Lois.

"Who'll teach the infant class? Who'll lead the missionary meeting? Who'll look after our fancy work now?" queried one and another.

"She'll not stay forever," said the father, rising from the table. "Why, here she is now. You can ask her everything yourselves."

Five pairs of feet made a rush for the piazza, but Janie turned back to say, "Let the table stand and come too, mother."

Miss Lois sat in her comfortable carriage, her kindly gray eyes and sweet smile lighting up her pale face. She looked tired and spoke quietly.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Baker. Ah, little folks, are you all well? And mother, too? No, I'll not get out this noon. I want to borrow a boy for the afternoon, if there is one at liberty. Boys, which one of you will take the pony and ride to Mountville with this advertisement? Jack goes well, and there will be plenty of time after school before it is dark."

Both boys raised eager voices, but Mrs. Baker hushed the clamor by quietly saying, "Harry will be glad to do the errand." Harry gave a little yelp of delight, and Bobbet relieved his disappointment by playfully pulling Sally's braid, which was conveniently near.

Harry walked back to the kitchen with Janie. They were chums, in a way rather unusual with brother and sister, and she took advantage of these few moments alone with her particular friend to speak of her new fears. But, somewhat to her relief, Harry laughed at her.

"Don't you fret about that, sis," he said. "Why, mother has not been sick a day since she had the fever last year."

Janie went in quite comforted and, indeed, there seemed little to alarm her in her mother's cheery face, as she led the way in the noon work and, after a short rest, sat down with Janie to a well-filled mending basket.

There was much speculation among the children that evening as to the nature of Miss Lois' advertisement, and many were the laughing guesses made, from Sally, who was sure that Miss Lois wanted a dear little curly dog to take with her, to Harry, who voiced his own great desire when he asserted that, since she could not take Harvey and the carriage, she must need a bitricycle.

Volunteers to go for the mail the next Saturday were so numerous that the regular morning work seemed likely to suffer. Finally Betty and Bobbet were allowed to go, after having promised "true, 'pon honor" not to open the weekly newspaper. In an incredibly short time they came spinning back.

"She wants," began Bobbet, but cries of indignation prevented him from going further.

"Bobbet does know," said Betty, breathlessly.

"Couldn't help it," shouted Bobbet. "They all know down there. A man said it right in my ear, first thing."

Mother Baker raised her fingers and began to read from the open paper:

"WANTED.—By Miss Lois Burnham, of Burnham Place, Baynesville, for two months, a companion willing to travel, who understands nursing. Apply immediately."

"Ho!" said Harry, contemptuously. "A nurse! Is that all?"

Mother and Janie fell into a study as to who could fill the position, while the younger ones ran off to their play. At dinner-time father was told of the advertisement.

"She'd better take you, little woman," he said, pinching Janie's cheek. "You are good company."

"Oh, but she wants a nurse, father."

"A nurse, does she? Well, your mother, then. She's the best nurse I know," and, laughing at the own pleasantry, he drew his chair to the table.

Saturday was always a busy day, and Janie had worked with all her might on this particular one, spurred on by her newly-awakened fears for the dear mother, whose sweet, tired face haunted her as she lay, too weary to sleep, on the bed which she shared with Betty. She turned and tossed in increasing anxiety as the night wore on till, on hearing a step at the door, she sprang up and opened it. "Father, stop a moment, please!" she called, as she saw who it was.

Mr. Baker turned in surprise at Janie's choking voice.

"What is it about mother?" she finally managed to ask.

Mr. Baker smiled kindly, but his face grew sad. "Nothing, my child," he answered; "nothing more than usual. Mother says she feels pretty well tonight."

"But you said she—you said—she ought to go away," faltered Janie.

"The doctor said it, dear, last winter, when she began to get about from the fever," her father answered. "And last month he stopped me to say that it would add ten years to her life, if I'd send her off now. But don't worry over it, dear. I'm sorry it has come to your knowledge. You've done all you could, leaving school to help your mother, and the Lord will make it all come out right. He let the trouble come, and He won't let it lie so heavy we can't bear it. Go to your bed and sleep now, child. You're a good daughter, Janie."

Somewhat reassured, Janie silently obeyed. Her immediate fears were allayed; her father's faith took away her restless haste to do something, and, with a new resolve to be more worthy still of her father's loving commendation, she fell asleep.

The next morning the children started for the early Sunday-school, without Bobbet, who lay on the lounge in mother's room groaning with the headache. Mrs. Baker was patiently applying the hot cloths, which seemed to give a little relief. Mr. Baker watched the others, fresh and smiling in Sunday dress, as they started down the path.

"Don't forget to ask Miss Bond to take mother's class," he called. "Tell her mother's applied for a position of nurse. This is the third Sunday she has stayed at home for some sickness. It's all foolishness you trying to keep that class," he added, as he turned into the bedroom.

The children walked quietly along. In the church lobby they met Miss Lois, who inquired for the absent ones with affectionate interest.

"Mother's home, nursing Rob," said Sally, who was generally ready to give information, "and father said we were to say she 'plied to be your nurse." Sally was sometimes as inaccurate as ready.

"What?" said Miss Lois, quickly, and "Why, Sally Baker!" exclaimed Betty and Harry. Sally looked frightened. "He did," she persisted; "he said we weren't to forget it," she added, breaking into tears. Janie took the sobbing little girl aside while Harry explained her mistake.

"Never mind, little one," laughed Miss Lois, as they were passing inside at the sound of the bell. "You have only disappointed me a little. There is no harm done."

A sudden light came into Janie's eyes and a new thought to her mind, which so took possession of her during both Sabbath-school and church that she knew little of what either teacher or preacher was saying, and Miss Lois locked with surprise at her usually bright scholar. But Janie had but one thought. After the church services were over she hurried out, urging the children ahead, that she might have a quiet talk with her father. As they turned a corner, however, Miss Bond joined them, and they were nearly home before her busy thoughts could find relief in words.

"Father!" she said, eagerly, "father, listen. I've thought of something so good!" And then the whole matter came out in such a confusion of words that Mr. Baker could make little of it and stood looking at her in questioning surprise. Janie began again; how Sally had made a mistake and Miss Lois had taken it up, and how Harry had explained and Miss Lois had taken it up, and how Harry had explained and Miss Lois had been so sorry, and she thought her mother could, if Miss Lois only would, and she would do her very best, and Bettie and Harry would surely help, and she had thought it all out, and if mother was paid they could afford to have Mrs. Niffin to wash—till she had to stop both for breath and words.

Mr. Baker laughed at her eagerness, but walked on more slowly as he began to understand the drift of her plan.

"You couldn't do it, child! Two months! You couldn't do it!" he exclaimed.

"But I know we could," urged Janie. "Oh, father, please try it."

"I'm afraid it would not do."

"Mother has often said I could cook beautifully, and you know my bread is always good," said Janie, with a little pleading quiver in her voice.

"Yes, dear, but it is not a week, nor two weeks, and you are only a child, with all your good will."

They had reached the gate by this time, and here was Miss Lois before them.

"Your little Sally put mischief into my head," she said as the two entered, "but your wife takes it out again. She will have nothing to do with me."

At this Janie renewed her pleading, knowing well what a strong ally Miss Lois was.

"I do not really need a professional nurse," said Miss Lois. "That was my father's notion."

"To-morrow, then," said the father, at last. "We will drop it until to-morrow, Miss Lois. If you like, we will come in to-morrow and talk it over."

Do you care to hear how Janie coaxed and promised, backed by all the other children? Shall I not simply tell you that, ten days later, Janie stood with wet eyes, but happy smiles, all alone in the pleasant porch, while down the road sped Miss Lois' carriage, mother and father in it, the children shouting and waving good byes at the gate. Do you think it was all fun after that? Don't you suppose that Harry and Betty sometimes forgot to help, and Sally and Bobbet thought Janie "mothered" too much? "She ain't the mother of us," Janie overheard Bobbet say one morning and, with wonderful patience, she restrained the little reproof that was on her lips.

Four weeks dragged slowly by and one day Janie stood at the kitchen sink, giving it the final little rubbing down, which always won father's approval, when a carriage stopped at the gate, and she turned to see her mother getting out.

"Mother!" she screamed and rushed into her open arms. Her loud greeting brought the rest from the garden in eager haste.

"Oh, why did you come home?" Janie asked after the first greetings were over. "We were all getting along."

"I came because I wanted to, and because I am well and strong," answered the mother, releasing herself from the little human burrs, "and because I could. Miss Lois is rested and I was homesick."

"Did Miss Lois come, too?' asked Betty.

"No, dear, she will stay another month."

"Alone?"

"No, not alone. A wee little housekeeper I know of is to go down immediately, just as she is, and Miss Lois is to meet her in Boston and she is to wait on Miss Lois and have a good rest," said the mother, watching Janie's face with loving eyes.

But this was too much for Janie. Tired with the day's work and excited by her mother's return, she burst into tears, to the great disturbance of the little folks.

"She shan't go," shouted Betty. "No she shan't," howled Bobbett; "she shan't go a step. She makes twice as many biscuits as you do every time."

Who could cry comfortably after that? Janie laughed, while the tears ran down her face, and mother and father and all of them. But Bobbet stood holding on to Janie's dress with defiant face. She stooped down to kiss him. "I shall not go, Bobbet, dear."

But she did. The very next Wednesday the train whirled her away towards Boston, and, as she felt in her pocket for the handkerchief necessary to hide her happy tears, she found it pinned together, with a little paper in its folds. As she opened this a piece of money dropped in her lap and on the paper in mother's handwriting were these words, "Mother's love for her unselfish little daughter."—*Interior.*

— Do you realize the importance of a healthy stomach, now that cholera threatens? K. D. C. acts as a cholera preventive, by restoring the stomach to healthy action.

Fashion Notes.

Ladies continually scan the fashion plates for some new and becoming design in dress to enhance their beauty and charms. There is nothing more becoming than the healthy glow, bright eye, and the firm elastic step of vigorous womanhood. Ladies who suffer from nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, anaemia, tired feelings, pallor, loss of appetite, hysteria, weak heart, weak stomach, or any nervous disorder, will find in Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic a certain cure for all these troubles, and a perfect health restorer and invigorator to nerves, stomach and blood. Price 50 cents a bottle, 6 bottles $2 50. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

— A clean white skin may be secured and rashes, pimples, blotches, eruptions, etc., cured by the use of nature's remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters.

— Use Skoda's Discovery, the great blood and nerve remedy.

The Good Traits of Small Boys.

"Would it be any punishment to the Jews to be taken away from their home to Babylon?" I asked my class.

"Yes," answered an earnest, eight-year-old little fellow; "they wouldn't know the way down town, or anything."

This special view of the Jewish captivity had never before presented itself to my mind, but it was evidently the first idea of the child. He had the faculty of putting himself in the place of others. The small boy thinks.

The small boy has a sense of morals. The following is a list that my boys and I made, one Sunday, of the things that boys and folks do and shouldn't. The observant reader can readily detect the most of the boys' portion of the list:

Swear. Drink. Smoke. Steal. Murder. Gamble. Bet. Getting Angry. Get mad and throw stones. Shoot birds on Sunday. Go fishing on Sunday. Work on houses Sunday (lots of men up here do). Put up telegraph poles Sunday. Digging gardens Sunday ("If you can't dig them any other day"; one little fellow was doubtful as to whether it was wrong, but he readily acquiesced in my condemnation of the work). Selfish. Eat up things (some boys eat up things their mothers send them for to the store—eat them up before they get home). Getting with bad boys. Cheat at school. (The teacher says, "Now, boys, don't cheat," and they all say "No," and they peek around, and put down another boy's figures and go on.)

What reader of this list, with its added childish explanations, can deny that the small boy uses his eyes?

The small boy has an affectionate memory. He has a very tender heart sometimes. Let us not bruise it. Let us not make the mistake of thinking that all of earth's sorrows are those of grown people. I shall not readily forget the flushed eyelids and grieved mouth of one little fellow, who said voluntarily to me in the class: "I had a little brother; he was an awful nice little fellow, and when he was sick he kept asking when it would be 'heaven time.'"

Ah, to those of us who know how sore the hearts are that the dear ones leave behind them when they find their "heaven-time," what an answering thrill must such confidences bring! I had asked my boys to name some people who would be in heaven. I had expected to hear the name of Bible characters. I had not thought much of personal heavenly ties for children so young.

The small boy is confiding. He will tell his experiences. On my asking if anybody persecuted anyone else nowadays for doing right, one of the boys returned the answer: "If you go to Sunday-school all the time, another boy will say, 'Hello, Christian! Hello, Christian!'"

Doubtless the little speaker referred to his own experience. Whether he met such remarks in the right spirit I do not know, but his attendance at the Sunday-school is most regular, his parents being Christians.

The small boy, if properly treated by his teacher, will answer questions. It may be with his sort of an answer, but he replies according to his ability. It is not for a teacher to show lack of common politeness by laughing derisively, or making a slighting remark about any answer that a boy has given in good faith. Let the boy use his own English, if it is the best he has. When a boy, who was somewhat too odd to belong with my other little fellows, and who yet came to the class, tried to tell me some incidents of Christ's burial and resurrection, and said his "feet was bounded, tied together, I mean;" and again, speaking of Mary Magdalene's offer concerning the body of our Lord, "She said she'd pack Him away" (using "pack" in the sense of "carry"), should I be particular to correct his past participle and verbs, or should I not rather be glad that so rough a boy was willing to answer, and retentive of memory?

The small boy will receive correction of his answers meekly, if the correction is given in a kind manner. A small boy knows that he does not know everything. If you have to utterly demolish his answer to your question, do it kindly, and he will not be outwardly mortified. Some of the boys' answers are very far from the point, though given with the best of intentions. In teaching the lesson about Ananias and Sapphira, I asked what was meant by the expression "gave up the ghost." One little fellow (between eight and nine, I believe) gave me the incomprehensibly derived answer that it meant "made a sacrifice." I tried to explain. Farther on in the lesson, the reader will remember that the same expression, "yielded (or gave) up the ghost" is made in respect to Sapphira. Farther on still we read, "And great fear came upon all the church." "What were they afraid of?" I asked. Another little fellow answered, "Ghosts." This, of course, entailed some remarks on my part. But mistaken answers are better than dumbness.

Let us recapitulate. The small boy thinks, has a sense of morals, uses his eyes, has an affectionate memory, is confiding, will answer questions, will endure to be corrected. Is this too rose-colored a view of the small boys? Yes, I have met the boy that giggles; he is very, very trying. But some boys giggle more from nervousness than intention to annoy. I have also known the boy that punches his neighbor and clucks like a hen in the class. But that boy has been reformed—for a time, at least. He is my right-hand boy now. He says the Lord has given him a new heart. The Lord give the like blessing to all our small boys! Let us teach them as well as we can, in spite of hindrances. A very long time ago Epictetus wrote: "Difficulties are things that show what men are." They are also things that show what teachers are.—*Mary E. Bamford, in Sunday-school Times.*

— A well-known Berlin physician states: "A healthy stomach is cholera-proof." K. D. C. will restore your stomach to healthy action, and fortify you against cholera.

— "I had a rash all over my body, arising from bad blood," says Mr. Reuben Knight, of Morris, Man., "and was entirely cured by less than one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters."

— "A stitch in time," etc. Take a bottle of Puttner's Emulsion at once. Fifty cents spent on that now may save much suffering and loss of time, as well as a large doctor's bill, by and bye.

A True Story for Boys.

It was a warm day, late in the spring or early in the summer of last year. I was in our sitting-room quietly chatting with my family, when I heard a noise out in the front yard. On going to the door to see what it was I found two boys—one on the path close to the porch, and the other was hanging lazily on the yard gate. These lads were, I presume, about twelve years of age each. I asked: "Whose boys are you?" One of them answered: "I am Lorry A——, son of Dr. A——; and that boy there hanging on the gate is George A——, son of Mr. A——, who lives over there on the corner." This information was followed by a silence that lasted for a few seconds. I broke the silence by asking: "Well, boys, what is it?" The lad standing nearest me said: "We came over to see if you would let us get our flicker?" I asked: "Where is it?" Pointing up to the branches of a tall tree standing in the yard, he said: "It is in that tree." "Well," said I, "boys, who owns that young flicker, you or the old mother bird?" The lad dropped his head, and began to twist one of the buttons of his jacket, but finally he stammered out: "We do; we caught it, and it got away from us, and flew into your tree." Said I: "Now, boys, I don't think that you have any claim to the ownership of that young bird—certainly, you don't have a claim equal to that of the old parent birds." After some more hanging of the head, and twisting of buttons, and crossing of the legs, he got up courage enough to say that he thought the flicker belonged to them. I replied: "Boys, I don't think that you have prayed over this matter. I will tell you what to do, provided that you will promise me that you will do what I tell you." They having promised to obey, I said: "Now, you boys go home, or go to some other place where you can have quiet, and then pray over this matter. Ask the Lord to tell you who owns the flicker. Will you do this?" They both said that they would take my advice. "Well," said I, "don't forget to pray about it. Now, you can go."

Having renewed their promise, they turned their backs on me, and took to their heels. They ran as fast as they could for about seventy-five yards; and just as they were about to pass a stable, they suddenly halted and held a few minutes' consultation. Then they entered the stable and climbed up into the hayloft. They began at once to pray aloud. I could easily hear them. They prayed, both at once: "O Lord, give us the flicker! O Lord, give us the flicker! O Lord, give us the flicker!" After keeping this kind of praying up for some time, they came to the hay-mow door, and, calling to me, said that they had prayed over the matter, and that they were entitled to the flicker. I responded, "No, you haven't prayed enough, and you haven't prayed aright." They then went back and prayed again, and as did the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel so did they, "they cried aloud," and continued to pray the same prayer, "O Lord, give us the flicker." Then they began to sing:

"Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angels' feet have trod?"

After singing and then praying, they came again to the door, and said that they had prayed for the flicker. I replied, "Boys, if you steal flickers you will never 'gather at the river where bright angels' feet have trod.' Boys who rob birds' nests—stealing eggs and carrying off the helpless birdlings—will never be gathered at 'the river' with the 'angels of God.'" Then they went back to their praying and singing, and I went to my dinner. When I left the sitting-room they were still singing and praying. How long they kept this up I do not know.

Boys, don't you think that these lads had a great deal of selfishness in their prayer? They didn't ask God to tell them whether or not they owned the escaped flicker; they simply asked God to give them back the flicker. Their prayers were not the kind that God delights to answer. Their prayers were not answered. When our prayers are simply the result of selfishness, we need not expect God to answer them. When we pray for anything, we must always ask God to give it to us provided the giving is in accordance with His holy will.—*Rev. W. K. Marshall.*

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon
of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and wall. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

PARSONS PILLS

Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. ONE PILL A DOSE. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps: five boxes $1.00. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 35 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

The I. C. R.

Intercolonial Railway.

1893. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 26th June, 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Picton and Halifax	7.00
Accommodation for Point du Chene	10.10
Express for Halifax	12.10
Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago	16.35
Express for Halifax	22.20

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 6.45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.50 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)	6.00
Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec (Monday excepted)	6.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	8.30
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene	13.05
Express from Halifax, Picton & Campbellton	16.30
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.35

TRAINS WILL LEAVE HALIFAX—

Express for St. John and Sydney, and North Sydney, C. B.	6.45
Express for Bedford	12.30
Through Express for St. John, Quebec, Montreal and Chicago	15.00
Accommodation for Truro and Pictou	16.00
Express for Bedford	17.35
Express for Dartmouth	18.35
Express for St. John	21.00

The train leaving Halifax for Montreal on Saturday at 15.00 o'clock, via Quebec, will run to destination on Sunday.

The St. John, Quebec and Montreal Express leaving Halifax at 12.00 o'clock, has Buffet Sleeping Cars attached for St. John and Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Express from Dartmouth	6.40
Express from St. John (Monday excepted)	8.00
Express from Truro (daily)	8.00
Through Express from Montreal, Quebec and Chicago (Monday excepted)	11.30
Express from Truro (daily)	11.30
Express from Bedford	15.40
Express from Bedford	18.10
Express from St. John	18.20
Through Express from Montreal and St. John	22.35

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway between Montreal and Halifax are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent

Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B.,
21st June, 1893.

Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after MONDAY, 26th June, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 11.55 a. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 1.45 p. m., arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 1.05 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.45 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.13 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.05 a. m.

CONNEXIONS—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John daily (except Sunday). At Yarmouth with steamers of the Yarmouth S. S. Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool.

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGNELL,
Gen. Supt.

Yarmouth, N. S.

WANTED!

Nova Scotia Stamps

for which I will pay the following prices:

One penny	$ 1.50	2 cents	$0.06
Threepence	.40	5 cents	.08
Sixpence	1.50	8½ cents	.75
One shilling	15.00	10 cents	.15
1 cent	.06	12½ cents	.10

The Stamps must be in good condition. If on the envelope ten per cent. more.

Stamps now in use not wanted.

ADDRESS—

F. BURT SAUNDERS,
P. O. Box 309, ST. JOHN, N. B.

JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY.

James S. May & Son,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

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P. O. Box 508

SUMMER STAPLES.

We respectfully invite the attention of buyers to our Staple Department, which is now very fully stocked with the following goods, all of which we can deliver at once:

WHITE AND GREY COTTONS,
WHITE AND GREY SHEETINGS,
PILLOW CLOTHS,
SHAKER FLANNELS,
FLANNELETTES, SKIRTINGS,
SHIRTINGS, COTTONADES,
COTTON FLANNELS,
SALISBURY COSTUME,
WHITE DUCKS,
BROWN AND CHECKED DUCKS,
DRILLINGS, TICKINGS,
BATTING, WARPS, &c.

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NEW GOODS
—IN—
Gentlemen's Department,
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NEW Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Made-up Scarfs, Fungees, Braces, French Braces, Leg Straps, Courier Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts and Drawers.

IN STOCK:

English All Linen Collars in the latest styles; and the "Dorie" (Paper, Turn-down) and "The Swell" (Paper, Standing) Collars.

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