

WHO WON THE BOUNTY.

THE winter had been long and very severe, and so, though none had been seen before for years, on one was very much surprised when the report spread around that a bear had been discovered on the mountain.

"They say there isn't a doubt of it, father," said Roger, as he was rubbing down his horse after his ride from the village one cold evening late in the winter. "Mr. Simpson came upon their tracks—there are two of them—on the mountain yesterday, but he hadn't killed his dog or gun, he didn't dare follow, and when he got back with them and traced them, they ended at a cleared place where the ground was frozen hard. I'd like to get a shot at them. The price of the skins and the bounty would make a nice nest egg toward my college fund, wouldn't it?"

"I certainly would," said his father, with a little sigh; for it was a great grief to him that he was not able to give to Roger the education which he so longed, and which, in his own mind, he had determined to have.

"Wait a moment, father," Roger said, as his father was leaving the barn a moment later. "I forgot to give you the mail; there's a letter for you and the papers. Tell mother that I'll be in five minutes—as hungry as both bears!"

But when, at the end of five minutes, Roger went into the house, he found things in a great state of excitement.

"Uncle John has come on from the west quite unexpectedly, Roger," his mother said, pausing in her preparations for supper as he came in. "Aunt Mary writes that we must come right over early tomorrow morning, for he will only be there one night more, and it may be your father's last chance of seeing him for a long time."

"Yes," broke in little Charlie, dancing about the room excitedly, "and you and me's going to keep house all alone, Roger, 'cause they'll be gone all night. Won't it be fun?"

"Do you think that you will be able to manage, dear?" his mother asked, looking at Roger a little anxiously.

"Of course," answered Roger, laughing. "I'm a prime cook; so don't you worry, mother."

But when it came time to say good-bye the next morning, the mother's heart failed her, and as Roger came to tuck her about her and arrange the hot water at her feet, she leaned down and whispered to him:

"I feel a little nervous about those bears, dear. I know—as Roger looked up at her with laughing eyes—"that they are generally very timid, but sometimes when they are hungry they are very fierce, and Charlie is such a very little boy, and so nervous, that my right would do him untold harm."

All the laughter went out of Roger's face then.

"Mother," he said, taking her hand in both of his, "I promise never to leave him alone in the house for a moment, and not to allow him out of my sight when we are out of it, will it make you more comfortable?"

"A great deal," said his mother, gratefully. "I may be foolish, but I was worried, and now my kind, big boy has put my mind at rest, for I know that I can trust him utterly, and so shall have no fear."

And then she kissed him with a look which sent Roger about his work with a warm glow at his heart.

The day passed happily and happily. Charlie was delighted at the novel experience of helping get dinner, and felt very important at being called upon to assist in feeding "the creatures," as he called them; and finally, when milking time arrived, Roger set him to shelling corn for the chickens, seated on a box in the barn. It was just at this moment that one of the boys from the village came in, his face glowing with exercise and his eyes dancing with excitement.

"Such a lark, Roger!" he exclaimed. Then, seeing Charlie, he lowered his voice to a whisper as he went on, going close to Roger's side: "Harry saw the bears not an hour ago, and is pretty sure that he knows just where to find them. We're going tonight, and want you to come along, for you're the surest shot in the country. We expect to kill them both, and will share the bounty and price of the skins. What time shall we call for you? I'm in the largest kind of a hurry, and must be off this moment. Will eight o'clock do?"

For a moment Roger did not answer, only mumbled on in silence; but presently, with a deep sigh, he looked up and said:

"I can't go with you, Dick. Father and mother have gone over to Huntly and won't be at home till tomorrow. I must stay with the youngsters."

Dick gave a whistle of dismay, but a moment later his face lighted up, and he whispered:

"Charlie'll be fast asleep by that time, and will never know you're gone; so come along, that's a good fellow. We'll stay for you at eight."

And, without giving Roger time to reply, he was away like a shot.

Poor Roger! Here was a temptation indeed! From what Dick had told him he felt pretty sure that he was on the track of the bears. What a thing it would be if they could exhibit them in the morning to the astonished village! Roger's heart beat high with excitement at the very thought. And then the money! He had a good idea that Dick did not know that he had promised not to leave Charlie.

But then came the thought of his mother, and her parting words: "I know that I can trust him utterly."

Down went Roger's head. Never, God helping him, would he betray that trust! But it was not easy to refuse when the boys called for him, or to turn a deaf ear when they urged that Charlie would never know; and long after they had gone he sat with his head bowed on his folded arms struggling with his disappointment. Every nerve was tingling with excitement, and once he started to his feet as though to follow them, and for half an hour his ears were strained with listening for the report of a gun or the sound of a dog's barking. But no sound broke the deep silence except Charlie's gentle breathing in the next room, and finally, with a sigh that was almost a sob, Roger lifted his head, opened one of his books, and began to study. At first the book had no meaning—he could only see that mountain-side, with the two figures slowly creeping upward; but little by little they began to make an impression on his brain, and presently he grew interested, then absorbed—boys, dogs, bears, everything, forgotten in those heroes of old.

How long a time had passed, then he could never tell, but suddenly he was brought back some two thousand years by the loud barking of a dog—not far up on the mountain, but close outside his window. Springing to his feet, he caught his rifle from the hooks above his head, and bounded toward the door. But before he could reach it Charlie's voice was heard calling:

"Roger, Roger, O Roger, where are you? I'm afraid! Why does Dick bark so?"

Roger turned and ran into his room, his mind filled with this one thought, "Suppose I had left him to call in vain? And as he bent over the terrified child he checked in his hand as he took the rifle." "Charlie," he said, "listen! I am going to the door, and if you hear a shot do not be frightened. Lie still till I come."

And then he rushed away, leaving the little boy perfectly satisfied that Roger had said that he need not be afraid.

The moon was shining brightly over the snow when Roger opened the door, but down by the barn the shadows lay deep and dark. Not so close, however, as to quite hide two great dusky masses round which Dick was circling, barking madly. Roger's heart beat so that it almost choked him, and it seemed hours—though it was hardly seconds—before he could steady his hand so as to take sure aim. Calling to the dog in a tone which he had never disregarded, Roger brought his rifle to his shoulder. Dick was right when he said that Roger was the surest shot in the country, and now his aim stood him in good stead. Snap! snap! Yes, both shots had taken effect; but Roger would take no risks. Load and fire again at the great rolling bodies; but this time he was near enough to see the rough heads and also at the fatal spot, and in another moment the bears lay stretched out on the snow, dead.

Roger used to say, years after, that never in his life had he seen two such astonished faces as those with which the boys gazed upon his prize when he felt more upon his rifle than he knew that he carried. They came to tell of their failure to discover the bears.

"Well!" exclaimed Dick, breathlessly, as he prodded one of the great carcasses with the toe of his shoe; "if that isn't an example of the mountain coming to Mahomet!" And then he laughed scornfully as Roger suggested their sharing the money with him.

"That is a pretty idea," he exclaimed. "If I earned a little fairly and squarely, I don't see how I can't share it with you."

And when, a few minutes later, his father and mother drove into the yard, the look in his mother's eyes as she heard the story from the boys was, Roger thought, more than the price of the bounty and the skins—Zim's Herald.

Do not be induced to buy any other if you have made up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. Do not give up in despair because other medicines have failed to help you. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and you may reasonably expect to be cured. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients.

"I would be mighty willing to work," Mr. Dismal Dawson explained, "if I was only able." "You look able-bodied enough," said the sharp-nosed man, "but there is to prevent you from working?" "Me?" "Yes."

THE MESSIAH FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINTS—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending the general public Parmentier's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmentier's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

"There's no coal, mum," said Bridget, and the fire is going out. "No coal! Why didn't you tell me before?" "I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum, when there [was coal]" answered Bridget.

Parents buy Mother's Own Worm Expeller because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effective expeller of worms.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BLANCO.

The "Blanco girls," as they had been called in Hinesley for forty years, had each a special characteristic. One was "The talented Miss Blanco." She wrote poetry and painted pictures, and the townspeople were very proud of her fame, prouder than she was herself of the one book, "A Wreath of Roses," which bore her name on its cover. Another sister was "The amiable Miss Blanco." She was splendid at fair and festivals, and from her early childhood had been the life and soul of every gathering of settling the village quarrels, she being of that race of whom our Lord said, "Blessed are the peace-makers." The third was "The practical Miss Blanco." If it hadn't been for her I do not know how the Blanco sisters would have managed to live as nicely as they did on the little income their father left them, such a small provision against the imminence of poverty. But Eugenie, the eldest, was the most womanly of the three. She took a lodger now and then; when artists came to sketch the fine points in the neighborhood, or lecturers to entertain the bloom of the place, or the teachers at the Academy needed a home outside of the school limits, all these could obtain comfortable quarters and be looked after carefully by going to the Blanco sisters. The youngest, however, was the most womanly of the three. She took a lodger now and then; when artists came to sketch the fine points in the neighborhood, or lecturers to entertain the bloom of the place, or the teachers at the Academy needed a home outside of the school limits, all these could obtain comfortable quarters and be looked after carefully by going to the Blanco sisters.

But Adele had the prettiest adjective of all tacked to her name. Far and near this dear lady was known as "The beautiful Miss Blanco." She was no longer young—that is, her girlhood was well past, and she had kept her girlhood's beauty. When she was eighteen, she had met with an accident which had hurt her back, and from that time on Adele Blanco had been an invalid, spending many quiet hours in her room, never able to walk beyond the garden, seldom strong enough to go for anything beyond a short drive, and often a great sufferer.

One would have supposed that the conditions of her existence might easily have robbed Adele of her loveliness of face, of the fine bloom on her cheek, of the soft smoothness of her forehead, the stately luster of her eyes, the firm severity of her mouth. Not so. As the slow years passed, and she still sat in the Master's chair, in the great school, suffering discipline, she grew constantly not only more attractive in disposition, but always lovelier and more captivating in her appearance.

Doctor Fraser had a new patient in his Sanatorium. She was a Miss Reed, from a large Western town, a woman of fortune, who had had the world at her feet, and in having the world "too much with her, late and soon," had verified the poet's assertion. Living and spending had had little waste her powers, and her nervous prostration was the result. It was a stubborn case. Miss Reed defied Dr. Fraser's skill. She baffled him, and no matter what tactics he employed, she simply lay back in her easy chair, pulling the long ends of his gray muslin.

The doctor was talking about her to his wife, who, being a doctor too, and a sensitive, up-to-date sort of woman as well, was her husband's best assistant.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mrs. Fraser. "Tell Mrs. Polly, as she is liked to be called. We'll invite the beautiful Miss Reed here to make us a visit, and she shall help us cure Miss Reed."

Do you think the girls will let her come?" asked the doctor, doubtfully, pulling the long ends of his gray muslin.

"Oh, I'll talk it over with Eugenie, and make it worth her while to lend us Adele. I'll offer a fee for the privilege of having Adele under our roof for a fortnight."

"Well," said Dr. Fraser, with a little shrug of his shoulders, as who should say, "I shake off this burden and leave the responsibility with you, my love."

"Well, my darling, if anybody can manage the case, you can't," said Mrs. Fraser. "The ladies, Miss Reed and Miss Blanco, to suspect the reason for our bringing them together."

"I wish," said Mrs. Polly, with much dignity, "that you did not always find it necessary, Jack, to treat me as if I were a child. I hate to be questioned, and I tell you that, and advised in matters concerning which I know as much as you do—more, in fact, since you are only a big, blundering old fellow, as good as gold, but only a man after all."

"I beg your pardon, wife," said the doctor, very humbly, as he turned to his small partner in the business, and pinching her cheek playfully. "You have a sharp little tongue of your own, Polly, but you have a sound heart and much good sense, and I never let it up against you when you scold me."

"You shouldn't, Jack, for you are never so scolded, except when you deserve to be," retorted Mrs. Polly, who always liked to have the last word.

Mrs. Fraser succeeded, in her mission, convincing the sisters that a change would do Miss Adele good, and so before the week was over she was transferred to a sunny southwestern room in the Sanatorium, with flowers in the windows, a canopy in its cage, and a big gray cat which never glanced at the bird looking most of the time on the soft rug before the open fire. No "fee" had been so much as offered, but the practical sister took the opportunity of Adele's absence to thoroughly clean her room at home, and to newly paper the walls.

Miss Reed was lying back as usual, listless and vacant in her chair, when there came a soft tap at her door, and in walked the beautiful Miss Blanco. She had a cluster of lilies in her hand, and she resembled a lily herself, tall, white, graceful, and carrying about a subtle sense of fragrance, the faintest ghost of a sweet perfume.

"May I give you these flowers?" she said; they match your lace and your soft curls show, and when I left my own chamber, I had to bring them with me, for they've been my best friends so long. It's such a happy thing, isn't it, to be alive, and to bloom?"

The words were not much, but the tone and smile went to Miss Reed's heart.

"I don't find it so very nice," she said. "I think it's dull. I haven't seen anything new in two whole years, and I've been around the globe."

"You have, dear? How fine! I've not been out of home as long as I am this

morning in ten years, and I live only a mile away."

The two gradually fell to talk, bit by bit. One day, for their talk was at first only for five minutes, then another time for a half-hour, then for a morning, Miss Reed said:

"Won't you please tell me how you managed to keep the wrinkles away from your face and to remain so pretty when you've had so much pain? The corners of your mouth don't droop, and there is no frown between your eyes, and you haven't any crow's-feet to speak of."

"I've had a soft cushion under my head always," said Adele, gravely.

"A soft cushion?"

"Yes, dear Miss Reed the blessed will of God. Day after day I've said to myself, God knows, God cares, God loves. I am his dear child. The will of God has been to me a cushion, and the peace of God has been to me a balm. I have simply taken my life a minute at a time. God always gives me strength for one minute. Every one of my days is a gift from Him, and if He sends me pain and weakness, I do not mind, for His face is my light in the darkness, and His arms are under me, and I hear Him whisper, 'I am his dear child, lean hard, child of My love.'"

"And that is why you are the beautiful Miss Blanco," said Miss Reed. "I, too, will claim a child's right, and lean on my Father's arm, and I will have my life as a gift from Him, and if He sends me pain and weakness, I do not mind, for His face is my light in the darkness, and His arms are under me, and I hear Him whisper, 'I am his dear child, lean hard, child of My love.'"

Pure, rich blood is the true cure for nervousness, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank, as he was off to school. "Well," acquiesced the tired mamma. "When holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

"Come across intolerable pain. Hollows come in stockings, and the result is, Try it, and see what an amount of pain is saved."

Traveller (to native)—Can you tell me how far I am from Creamtown? Native—About 24,000 miles. Traveller—Impossible. Native—I mean if you keep on the way you're going. If you turn around and go back, it's only about a mile.

Baldness is either hereditary or caused by sickness, mental exhaustion, wearing tight-fitting hats, and by over-work and trouble. Hall's Kenever will prevent it.

Teacher—Astronomy is a wonderful science, Harry. Men have learned through it many new facts about the world from the earth, but what they are made of. Harry—it seems to me a great deal more wonderful how they found out their names.

Do not be persuaded to "try another kind" of medicine. Remember that only original and genuine Compound of Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites and Pancreatic, and has never been equalled as a tonic and flesh producer.

Teacher—What does the word celibacy mean? Class—The state or condition of being single. Teacher—Correct. Now if you wanted to express the opposite of celibacy or singleness, what word would you use? Bright Pupil—Plethora.

The sooner you begin to fight the fire, the more easily it may be extinguished. The sooner you begin taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for your blood-disease, the easier will be the cure. In any case, delay is dangerous, if not fatal. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other.

The Rev. Theodore Bayler, of Brooklyn makes the confession that he "never made any converts to the truth in an empty pew, and never delivered a sermon long enough to last for a year, or who was doing at home, or strolled off to some other church."

TRULY ASTONISHING.—Miss Annette N. Moon, Fountain, Minn., says: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cough. It was astonishing how speedily they found relief after taking this preparation."

Business Man—You remember that "ad." I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well I want to have it put back again. Editor—Why, I thought you said that no one noticed it while it was in? Business Man (humbly)—They didn't seem to until I took it out.

SKETCHES.—This is unhappily an age of asepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

"Ma," said Bobby, running into the house, "you said if I did a real act of kindness this afternoon I could have a piece of pie and I've done it. What was the act of kindness, Bobby?" Inquired his mother while he ate the pie. And Bobby replied, between the bites—"A cat came into our back yard, and I didn't stone it."

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends, there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Hinkle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all other troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

The King of Portugal, when he appeared in public in London recently, wore the orders of the Garter of Christ, and the Tower and Sword of Santiago, and of our Lady of Victory of Spain. Whereupon the irreverent American who happened to be present, said that he looked like a bargain counter on "Ribbon" day.

A DINNER PILLS.—Many persons suffer excruciating pain after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

Misard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

HOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

BY THE LATE EUGENE FINE.

The first upon the hearth is low, And there is all in me everywhere. Like troubled spirits here and there The freight shadow flitting go. And as the shadows round me creep, A childish rebel breaks the gloom, And softly from a further room Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow with that little prayer, And that sweet trouble in my ears, My thought goes back to distant years And lingers with a dear one there; And as I hear the child's Amen, My mother's faith comes back to me; Cuddled as her side seems to be, And mother holds my hand again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place! Oh, for the peace of that dear time! Oh, for that childish trust sublime, For a glimpse of mother's face! Yet as the shadows round me creep, I do not seem to be alone— Sweetest ease of that trouble time— And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—Selected.

THE NINES.

"The nines are so hard," said Fred, running in from school the other day. "I missed on them. Is supper 'most ready? I'm so hungry, mamma, do you think you could help me learn them?"

"Yes, my dear, after the supper things are cleared away, I will help you; and supper is almost ready. Wash yourself, and set the chairs around the table. Are the girls close by?"

"Yes, there they are at the gate." And in came Daisy and Nellie, and Ralph, too.

Bright young faces soon surrounded the well-spread board, and unspooled appetites enjoyed the whole meal. "Mamma's bread's the best in the world," at tests one eager voice, while others chat of the day's doings in school.

Soon, the meal over, the boys hasten to milk the cow and bring in the wood for the fireplace, while the girls with deft hands wash and wipe the dishes.

As I get out my mending basket, I say: "Daisy, we are going to have a black-board lesson tonight. Please get the chalk and write, 'The Nines' neatly on the blackboard." We have a blackboard—one of the cloth kind that rolls up like a map—and it is very useful.

"Oh, good, good!" cried Ralph and Nellie. "Mamma's blackboard lessons are always so interesting."

"But I don't know what she can find to tell us about the nines," said Fred.

"I mean to let you tell me some very interesting things," said I, "so put on your thinking-caps, and be quiet."

By this time the blackboard looked thus:

1x9	= 9
2x9	= 18
3x9	= 27
4x9	= 36
5x9	= 45
6x9	= 54
7x9	= 63
8x9	= 72
9x9	= 81
10x9	= 90

"Now, all of you look at this board thoroughly, and don't speak. Perhaps some of you will discover something curious. I will give you five minutes. Before they were up, I saw Fred had discovered something, and was leaning to tell it; so, when I gave the signal, he burst in and said, 'They come right down. Don't you see they do?' And he rose and showed Ralph, pointing to the tens column. "See! 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9."

"And," said Daisy, "the units column counts backward, and don't speak. Perhaps some of you will discover something curious. I will give you five minutes. Before they were up, I saw Fred had discovered something, and was leaning to tell it; so, when I gave the signal, he burst in and said, 'They come right down. Don't you see they do?' And he rose and showed Ralph, pointing to the tens column. "See! 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9."

"So it does!" exclaimed Fred. "See! 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1!" running his pointer down the line of figures. "I never noticed that before. I believe I shan't miss now. I always know 2x9=18, and 3x9=27, and 4x9=36, and 5x9=45, and some of the rest. Now, if I follow down, I know 4x9, all he has to do is to take 3x9 is 27, add 1 to the 2, and take 1 from the 7. There you have it—36! Why is that, mother? What makes it count up and down so?"

"Well, you see, Fred, every time you add 10—1, which is the same thing. You add one ten and subtract one unit. Tell it, yes! So we do!" they chorused.

"And there is another curious fact that will help Fred more still. I wish I had known it when I was a girl. Don't you see the tens figure each time is one less than the number of times 9?"

"So it is! So it is! Hurrah!" said the boys.

"And, also, here is more help still. Don't you see the units figure plus the tens figures makes 9 every time?"

"Who can't say the nines now?" cried Fred. "1 and 8 equals 9, 2 and 7 equals 9, 3 and 6 equals 9, 4 and 5 equals 9, 5 and 4 equals 9, 6 and 3 equals 9, 7 and 2 equals 9, 8 and 1 equals 9."

"Why didn't we see it all before? I'm going to tell all the boys at school in the morning!"—Paffie.

"What time of night was it you saw the prisoner in your room?" asked the defendant's attorney in a recent suit. "About three o'clock." "Was there any light in the room at the time?" "No, sir." "Then, madam, said the attorney triumphantly, "please explain how you could see the prisoner, and could not see your husband." "My husband was at the slot, sir."

A young society belle of Winchester told one of her gentlemen callers a few evenings since that her health had greatly improved since taking Delanor's. He wisely asked, "Do you take it internally or rub it on?"

Hood's Cared Others Failed

Serofuta in the Rock-Bunches All Gone Now.



"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. 'Gentlemen—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with serofuta, in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there were large lumps on my neck so sore that I could not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the serofuta had gone, and before I had finished the second bottle had entirely disappeared.' BLANCHET ATWOOD, Bangorville, Maine."

Hood's Cures

Do not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the serofuta had gone, and before I had finished the second bottle had entirely disappeared.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

DR. TAPPA'S ASTHMA CURES

It is a cure for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other lung diseases. It is a cure for all lung diseases. It is a cure for all lung diseases. It is a cure for all lung diseases.

Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 18th October, the trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN'S

Express for Campbellton, Pictou, St. John's and Halifax.	7.30
Express for Halifax.	8.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal.	10.30
Express for Boston.	11.30
Express from Boston, Montreal, and St. John's.	12.30

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN'S

Express from Boston, Montreal, and St. John's.	7.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec.	8.30
Express from Montreal (daily).	10.30
Express from Halifax.	11.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.	12.30

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON

27 and 29 King Street, ST. JOHN, N.B.

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CLOTHS AND TAILOR'S TRIMMINGS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON

Sea Foam

SCOTCH WHISKY. A GARE.

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MEN! WOMEN

THE PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

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