

Poetry.

MY HEART AND I.

BY KATE WILLIAMS.

Right bitterly my heart rebelled
Against its fate; nor would be quelled
Its angry protest.
"What need of life itself," it cried
"With all the joy and hope denied
It once possessed!"
Then o'er the tumult of my soul
A wave of sudden shame stole,
Rebelling, calmed;
For memory brought it back to me
A lesson given heedlessly
To time's embalmment.

When days were glad from dew to dew,
And life was kind and friends were true,
This way it ran—
"If fate deny thee happiness
Still strive with it some life to bless."
Slowly began

My wounded heart to hope again,
And half forgot its selfish pain.
For to me,
Sweetest privilege was left
Of all life's pleasure quite bereft,
Ever could be.

I learned to bend a pining ear
To others' cares—to soothe and cheer
With sympathy—
To give delight to some poor child,
Who, unaccustomed joy beguiled
To rapturous glees.

Unto the lot of suffering,
Alleviation tried to bring,
So ever slight—
The lending of some pleasant book—
The gathering from woodland nook
Of blossoms white.

Till, lo! reflected from the light,
That rose within their faces bright
There crept a glow
That warmed my heart. And then at last,
I said to it—what priceless pearls you cast
Long, long ago—

I hold them here within my hand—
Finner than gems of mine or strand
This treasure trove—
And I am rich in joy and peace
For I may purchase pains surcease
With deeds of love.

—Selected.

DO SOMETHING.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fire to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from you
Winners that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiant gather;
You will soon forget to mourn,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"
If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears—
Clear from clouds to fan it,
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's brighter river!

The Fireside.

OUR CABIN-BOY.

"So this is our new cabin-boy of whom I have heard so much talk," was my inward exclamation as I walked on deck and perceived a dark-eyed, handsome youth leaning against the railing, and gazing with a sad, abstracted air into the foamy waves, which with no little fury were lustily dashing against the vessel. His hat pushed back from his forehead gave a good view of his face, which, though full of youthful beauty and vigor, nevertheless bore traces of recent suffering, such as can only be traced to some sudden catastrophe, which changes our whole life with its painful memories, and overshadows our future like a funeral pall.

I had heard so many remarks made about him by the crew, who resented his aversion to coming in contact with them, were continually tormenting him with their rough jokes. Hearing of his sturdy refusal to taste anything intoxicating, I followed the impulse of curiosity and attempted to draw him into conversation with me.

"Allen," I asked as he turned and saw me approach him, "have you ever been on the sea before?"

"No, sir," he replied, respectfully touching his hat.

"You will find this a very rough and dangerous life, then," I continued.

"I shall endeavor to use myself to it as others have done before me; besides," he continued earnestly, "as long as I know that God dwells on land and sea, I can safely face any hardships or danger which I may have to encounter."

These words, uttered with such an air of innocence and trust in a supreme power, surprised me. I felt that though young, his mind was far superior to his surroundings, and I could readily perceive the reason of his dislike to the rest of the crew, who were neither refined nor very intelligent. Not being entirely satisfied with my inquiries, I continued:

"Why did you not accept the liquor which some of the sailors have so good naturedly offered you?"

"Because," he replied, almost vehemently, "I hate the smell of rum, I despise the beverage, and can only look with disgust upon those who favor it;" here his voice quivered with suppressed emotion, "because I have felt the curse of its baneful effect." He said no more, but abruptly turned and left me. My interest and sympathy were sufficiently roused, however, and I resolved to watch over and protect him as far as possible from the un-governable temper of the captain, and the rough jokes of the sailors.

A few days after my conversation with Allen I was standing beside the captain in deep conversation, when suddenly, rough shouts and laughter broke upon our ears; we proceeded to the forepart of the deck, and found a group of sailors trying their utmost to persuade Allen to partake of their grog, which was regularly dealt out to them.

"Laugh on," I heard Allen's firm voice reply, "but I'll never taste a drop. You ought to be ashamed to drink it yourself, much less offer it to another." A second shout of laughter greeted the reply, and one of the sailors, emboldened by the captain's presence, whom they all knew was a great drinker himself, approached the boy, and with a "Now me hearty, get ready to look right over on your beam end, when ye've swallowed this," when, quick as a flash Allen seized the bottle and flung it overboard.

While the sailors looked regretfully after the sinking bottle, Allen looked pale but composed at Captain Harden, whose face was scarlet with suppressed rage; I trembled for the boy's fate; suddenly Captain Harden's voice broke the momentarily silence. "Hoist that fellow aloft in the main top-sail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property!"

Two sailors approached him to execute the order, but Allen quickly warned them back, and with a forced smile of composure on his pale face said in a low, respectful tone, "I'll go myself, captain, and I hope you will pardon me; I mean no offense."

I saw his hand tremble a little as he took hold of the rigging, for to one unused to sea-life it is extremely dangerous to climb the height; for a moment he hesitated as he seemed to measure the distance, but he quickly recovered himself and proceeded slowly and carefully. "Pardon!" cried the captain, as he saw with what care he measured his steps, and faster Allen tried to go, but his foot

slipped, and for a moment I stood horror-struck, gazing up at the dangling form suspended from his arms in mid-air. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors, and Allen again caught hold of the rigging and in an instant more was up in the watch-basket; he waved his hat to me and disappeared.

"Now stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you," muttered the captain as he withdrew to his cabin.

Knowing the captain's temper I dared not interfere while he was in his present frame of mind. Before nightfall, however, I proceeded to his cabin and found him seated before the table with a half empty bottle of his favorite champagne before him; I knew he had been drinking freely and therefore had little hopes that my protegee would be released, still I ventured to say, "Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I am afraid our cabin-boy will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer."

"Sick? He, not a bit of it; he's got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense; no person on board my ship ever gets sick; they know better than to play that game on me. But I'll go and see what he is doing anyhow." Arrived on deck, speaking trumpet in hand, he shouted, "Ho! my lad." "Aye, yes, sir," was the faint but prompt response from above. As Allen's face appeared looking with eager hope for his release.

"How do you like your new berth?" was the captain's mocking question, and Allen's face appeared looking with eager hope for his release.

"Better than grog or whiskey, sir," came the quick reply from Allen.

"If I allow you to descend, will you drink the contents of this glass?" and he held up, as he spoke, a sparkling glass of his favorite wine.

"I have forewarned all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I would not break my pledge, even at the risk of life."

"There, that settles it," said the captain, turning to me; "he's got to stay up there to-night, and I bet my last dollar on it he'll be tumbled down before morning."

After the captain had disappeared I hastily took some blankets, and induced the steward to supply me with some warm biscuit and coffee, and with them proceeded to the poor fellow. He drank it eagerly without saying a word, at last he said:

"I suppose I will have to stay up here all night."

"Yes, my poor fellow. I'm sorry, but why did you not taste at least a little of the wine, just to humor him? You would have been free now if you had done so."

"Sir," he began earnestly, "if you had promised your mother in her dying hour never to taste anything intoxicating, would you break that promise?"

"No, certainly not, my friend, but I think if your mother knew the circumstances you were placed in at present she would absolve you from your pledge for the sake of your safety."

"She does know it, she does know it," twice whispered the youth, grasping my hand tightly. But fearing to be discovered in my work of mercy I cut the conversation short, and bade him good-night.

Once only during the night I heard the watch call for another blanket, and to my inquiries replied that Allen was well but very cold.

By the early dawn Captain Harden ordered him to be taken down, for to his call of "Ho my lad!" there was no reply and he began to feel alarmed.

A glass of warm wine and biscuit was standing ready for him beside the captain's table, who was sober now, and when he saw the limp form of Allen carried into his presence by two sailors, his voice softened as he said, "Here, my lad, drink that and I will trouble you no more."

With a painful gesture the boy waved him back and in a feeble voice said:

"Captain Harden will you allow me to tell you a little of my history?"

"Go on, but do not think it will change my mind, you have to drink this just to show you how I bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Two weeks before I came on board this ship I took a handful of turf, and threw it down upon my mother's coffin, I saw the people leave the spot and heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held the last remains of my darling mother. Soon he too disappeared, and I was alone, yes, alone, for she who loved and cared for me was gone. I knelt for a moment on the fresh turf, and while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, I vowed never to taste the liquor which had broken my mother's heart, and ruined my father's life. Two days later I stretched my hand through prison bars, behind which my father was confined. I told him of mother's death; of my intention of going to sea. Do with me what you will, Captain, let me freeze to death in the main-mast, throw me into the sea below, anything, but do not for my dead mother's sake force me to drink that poison that has ruined a wife's husband, and do not let me ruin a mother's only son."

"He sank back exhausted and burst into a fit of tears. The captain stepped forward and laying his hand, which trembled a little upon the boy's head, said to the crew, "For our mother's sake let us respect Allen Bankroft's pledge. And never" he continued firing, "let me catch any of you ill-treating him;" then he hastily withdrew to his apartment. The sailors scattered and I walked alone with Allen, who with a look of surprise and wonder said:

"Lieutenant, what does this mean? Is it possible that—that—"

"That you are free," I added, "and that no one will trouble you again."

"Lieutenant," he said, "if I was not so still and cold just now, I think I'd just toss my hat and give three hearty cheers for Captain Harden."

He served on our vessel three years and was our favorite. When he left, Captain Harden presented him with a handsome gold watch and chain, as a memento of his night on the main-mast.

MISSIONARY PENNIES.

Children should be taught to give money for the cause of Jesus Christ. We are all creatures of habit; and in this particular the earlier the habits are fastened the better it will be.

Those who are familiar with the Pilgrim's Progress will recall that, when the little company under the lead of Greatheart were entertained at the house of Gaius there was a good deal of innocent hilarity at the dinner-table. The travellers were tired and their appetites were keen. And so much comfort and so much rest coming at once put them in the best of spirits. After a few old-fashioned jokes and sage attempts at pleasantry, poor Mr. Honest gravely announced his intention of propounding a riddle. He gave it thus:

"A man there was, though some did count him mad, The more he cast away the more he had."

Their most respected host understood instantly that the puzzle was aimed at him, and that everybody lingered anxiously for an impromptu reply. He paused a while, however, but whether to guess the answer, or frame the couplet into which he wished to put it at his best, we are not informed; it is not every man in this world, even amongst those who keep hotels, that can make poetry to order, but finally offered his solution in comfortable rhyme:

"He who bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much as he can store."
At this juncture one of Christian's boys impulsively broke in, "I dare say, sir, I did not think you could have found it out." The genial old gentleman answered, "I have been trained up in this way a great while; nothing teaches like experience. I have learned of my Lord to be kind, and have ever found that I gained thereby."

Then he went on to scribble his remark with an appropriate verse from the Scriptures: "There is that scattereth, yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." And then (so continues the narrator) Samuel whispered to his mother: "This is a very good man's house; let us stay here a great while."

CHARADE.

My first you'll very often meet
In every town and village street;
My second, too, on every hand
My whole a fruit from foreign land.

CURTAINMENTS.

1. Curtail an English nobleman and leave a part of the head.
2. Curtail a storehouse for grain and leave a Chinese plant.
3. Curtail to read saunder and leave a Chinese plant.

4. Curtail a mineral and leave a mythological bird.
5. Curtail a fortified place and leave in place of.

BLANKETS!

FOR THE HANDS.—Concentrated lye mixed with four and water will scatter fleas; Carbolic acid will remove the worst warts; apply with a straw on the wart only. Mutton tallow is very healing and good for chapped hands.

ONLY.

Only a lifeless baby,
Lovely, pure, and fair.
With a weeping mother bending
Over his golden hair.
Only a mossy grave bed,
Cushioned with fragrant flowers
Rocked by the summer breezes,
Kissed by the winter's showers.
Only a woe-fallen scene,
Of speeches, pain, and grief,
Of utter heart prostration,
Of longing unrelief.
Only a sad misgiving
Creeping through the soul,
As to a "God of mercy,"
As to a future goal.
Only a still small whisper,
"Bend, child, beneath the rod,"
Only a close clinging
To Thee, O Father, God.

A FATAL HABIT.

The capacity of the chest may be diminished by the habit of stooping, or by the abominable practice of tight lacing. The grace of the waist-like form in woman is almost always gained at the expense of the lungs.

That tight belt and the armor about the chest compress the lungs, and forbid all easy action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. The union of the acid of the air with the currents of the blood. The lung need not be enlarged from its natural size, but it cannot well spare one inch of the space which it naturally fills. Anything which thrusts it away from its proper dwelling, where it has room and freedom, is bad and dangerous.

Consumption is the proper sequel of the corsets. They go with each other as harvest follows sowing. A quick eye can tell the internal state of the breathing organs from the form of the fashionable woman, without any auscultation or percussion, any inspection or palpation. And no abundance can be worse than for one who binds the ribs in steel to try inflation and long inspiration as the preventive of disease. A lung that is compressed cannot take in as much air as one that is free, and the delicate cells of the lung are not to be treated like a bale of cotton; and any wound to its elasticity provokes its decay. The war of hygiene upon tight waists must be positive, pitiless, and unflinching, for fashion is in nothing more destructive to human life than in this.—Selected.

HOMELINESS.—A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, converting the good opinions of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and encourage us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and to every girl, cultivate the habits of courtesy and propriety at home—in the sitting room and the kitchen, as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner. When one has a pleasant smile and a graceful demeanor, it is a satisfaction to know that he is not put on, but that they belong to the character, and are manifest at all times and under all circumstances.—Sunday School Classmate.

SOCIETY IN HOMES.—One morning a great noise in a stable in England attracted the attention of a maid servant, who was in the yard outside, and thinking something wrong might be going on, she looked in at the door, and saw that one of the horses had made its way out of its own loose-box, the door of which was unfastened, and found out a box of matches which was standing in the entrance of the stable, and taking put the index after it in the stable and returned. The opportunity while the coachman was in the stable, he was helping himself freely to its tempting contents. The other horse, who was fastened to his own loose-box, caught sight of his friend's proceedings, and, neighing loudly, evidently demanding a share for himself, and the servant was astonished to see the horse who was enjoying himself fill his mouth with the matches, and poke his nose through the bars of the loose-box for his friend to take it from him. This was done several times. The horse that was fed by his friend had been known on former occasions to push over the remainder of his hay into his companion's rack when that had been emptied before his own.

THREE TIMES THREE.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to like—cordiality, good humor and witfulness.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippancy.

Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends and good humor.

Three things to contend for—honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 8, 19, 24, is an enemy.
My 6, 15, is a musical instrument.
My 9, 20, 1, 16, 2 is an animal.
My 21, 10, 17, 27 is terror.
My 11, 3 is an exclamation.
My 18, 7, 14 is delight.
My 20, 25, 10, 23 is eternity.
My 20, 22, 12 is myself.
My 4, 13 is a thing or inanimate object.
My whole is an oft quoted declaration.

WORD PUZZLE.

Whole, I am an article of commerce; take away one letter, and I am a period of time; transpose me, omitting one letter, and I am a part of a building; transpose me again, omitting my second letter, and I am an entire building; take two-fifths of me away, and I am to come to be; again take away two-fifths, and I signify concealed.

1. Behold a noise and leave a disease; again, and leave a tree.
2. Behold to increase and leave a spring; again, and leave a measure.
3. Behold value and leave a grain; again, and leave a completed fluid.
4. Behold to seize and leave a fish; again, and leave a serpent.

JAMES.

My first you'll very often meet
In every town and village street;
My second, too, on every hand
My whole a fruit from foreign land.

JERRY.

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FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOSPHITES

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF ALL WASTING DISEASES, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, General Debility, Brain Exhaustion, Chronic Constipation, Chronic Diarrhoea, Dyspepsia, or Loss of Nervous Power. It is unequalled in the treatment of Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Loss of Appetite, Energy or Memory.

It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Its taste is pleasant, and its effects permanent. Its first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened, and the blood purified.

READ WHAT THE INVENTOR, MR. FELLOWS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS SYRUP OF THE HYPO-PHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly affected by a copious expectation of mucous-purulent matter. I had been declining in health for some months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused by my business that of a dependent chemist, the shop was visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865 my chest was examined by ten first class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-brack, cod-liver oil, electricity, tea, and various inhalants, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed themselves. Under the microscope the blood was found to contain but a small portion of vitalized corpuscles; the heart's action was feeble; the pulse intermittent; the stomach could not digest properly; that flatulency and acidity was the result. Finding the symptoms indicated Consumption, I determined to use every effort to stay its progress, and, if possible, to cure it. I selected the most powerful tonics and stimulants, and combined them with the vital constituents of the human body. For months I endeavored to amalgamate them by my efforts were crowned with success. I cannot speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefits I received from the composition.

My appetite increased; the expectation became easy, digestion better; the blood became more copious and less purulent; cold chills ceased; night-sweats ceased; I gained in weight; the hacking cough left me; refreshing sleep returned; my spirits became buoyant, the mind active and vigorous. I continued taking the Syrup month after month; but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms left denoting disease. The only notable sign during twelve months was the expectation. Now that has stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, how do you know your difficulty to have proceeded from consumption, and tubercular lung? I answer, in the most certain of all modes for ascertaining. In March last I coughed from the right lung a piece of PHOSPHATE OF LIME, half the size of a pea, which could have come from no other place, and which the highest authority in Lung Diseases (Laennec) states is the result of tubercle, which has been cured. Added to this, I had the leaden-colored, purulent, blood-streaked expectoration, and the opinion of one of the best diagnosticians in the country. I believe I have experienced all the symptoms incident to the most dangerous stages of Consumption, and have successfully combated them, so that I do not despair of any case where there is left sufficient lung tissue to build upon. I can only add that the mere monetary consideration of increased sales would never induce me to publish this report, but a sincere sympathy for the poor Consumptive, with whose misfortune I believe it villany to trifles.

Respectfully,
JAMES I. FELLOWS,
Inventor of Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

When Fellow's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is required, ask for "FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP," and be sure no imitation is foisted or other article thrust upon you.

SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

PERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE,

Agents for the Dominion of Canada,

MONTREAL.

SUBSTITUTES!

The public are cautioned against a custom which is growing quite common of late among a certain class of medicine dealers, and which is this: When asked for a bottle of Pain-Killer, they suddenly discover that they are "sold out," and have no other article just as good, if not better, which they will supply at the same price. The object of this deception is transparent. These substitutes are made up to sell on the great reputation of the Pain-Killer; and being compounded of the vilest and cheapest drugs, are bought by the dealer at about half what he pays for the genuine Pain-Killer, which enables him therefore to realize a few cents more profit per bottle upon the imitation article than he can on the genuine.

For SUDDEN COLDS.

NEURALGIC, RHEUMATIC AND ALL OTHER PAINS IN ANY PART OF THE BODY.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

IS UNRIVALLED.

IT CURES ALMOST INSTANTLY.

The Pain-Killer is put up in 64 oz. and 32 oz. bottles, retailing at 25 and 12 cents respectively—larger bottles are ordered on application.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1880. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1881. ON and MONDAY, the 29th November, the Trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:—

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Express for Halifax, connecting at Moncton with accommodation for North—7.55 A.M. 8.00 A.M. Accommodation for Moncton—11.45 A.M. 11.50 A.M. Express for Sussex—5.40 P.M. 5.45 P.M. Express for Halifax and Quebec—7.25 P.M. 7.30 P.M.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Express leaving at 7.25 P.M. and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached at Moncton.

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Quebec and Halifax, by connecting at Moncton with accommodation for North—7.55 A.M. 8.00 A.M. Express from Sussex—5.40 P.M. 5.45 P.M. Express from Halifax and Quebec—7.25 P.M. 7.30 P.M.

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