

WEDDING

WAKEM-GRANT

St. Barnabas Church, Greenfield, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, Wednesday evening, July 24th, at nine p. m. The contracting parties were Mary Ethel, eldest daughter of Thomas H. Wakem of Limestone Me., and Levi Osborne Grant of Aroostook Junction, Vic. Co. Rev. J. E. Flewelling performed the ceremony. The Deanery being held in the same church on the previous evening, there were other clergymen remained to witness the ceremony, among them being Rev. J. R. Hopkins of Andover and Rev. Mr. Ayling of Salmonhurst, who were also guests at the wedding supper.

The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion by the young ladies of the place. The bride entered the church on her father's arm, to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March played by Miss Rhoda Lee of Centreville, N. B. The bride was very becomingly attired in white silk and wore a veil caught with lilies of the valley. She was attended by Miss Florence Grant, sister of the groom, as maid of honor, who was prettily attired in ecru marquisette over pink silk and wore a black picture hat. The groom was supported by Mr. Paul Wakem, brother of the bride. The six bridesmaids who were the Misses Lena, Helen, Edna and Pauline Ritchie, Lulu Kilpatrick and Winifred Golding were all prettily dressed in white mull. The little Misses Jennie Wakem and Juanita Estey, sister and cousin of the bride, who acted as flower girls were daintily gowned in pale blue mull with stockings and ribbons to match. The ushers were Eldon Estey and Rice Ritchie. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of Mr. Joseph Ritchie, uncle of the bride, where a sumptuous supper was served to about 125 guests. The bride was the recipient of a great many beautiful presents. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome amethyst and baroque pearl neck-lace.

On the following day the happy young couple left for St. John, Halifax, and other Maritime points. On their return they will reside at Aroostook Junction.

The bride who was gifted with more than ordinary musical talent will be much missed from her native home, especially by the young people. But we all join in wishing them a long life and happiness and prosperity together.

TRACEY-PETERSON

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. J. R. Peterson, Royalton, Wednesday, August 28th, when their daughter, Eugenie Novella, was united in marriage to Mr. Becher Tracey of Tracey's Mills.

At 5.30 p. m., the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March rendered by Miss Belle Peterson, sounded through the rooms and the bridal party including Mr. Llewelyn White of Boundary Line as best man, and Miss Blanche Peterson, sister of the bride, as bridesmaid, took their places under an arch of evergreen and flowers, erected on the lawn which was decorated for the occasion. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Hurlow, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends.

The bride who is a favorite with all was beautifully attired in cream silk clorice with pearl and crystal trimmings, with bridal veil of embroidered silk tulle, and carried a bouquet of white carnations and maiden hair ferns.

The brides maid wore a very pretty dress of light blue voile and silk trimmings.

A beautiful array of costly gifts testified to the popularity and esteem in which the newly married couple are held. At the close of the ceremony a repast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Tracey left for their home at Tracey's Mills, where they will be pleased to see their many friends.

SQUIRES-PIERCE.

Richibucto, N. B., Sept. 3.—An event of more than local importance filled the Methodist church on Monday afternoon when Fred C. Squires B. A., L. L. B., of Harvard University, now principal of the Florenceville Consolidated schools, and Miss Hattie Duncan, daughter of Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Pierce were united in marriage, the ring service being used. Rev. Mr. Pierce and Rev. W. R. Robinson, of St. John, officiated. The church was decorated with ferns, potted plants, golden-rod and cut flowers, the arch and window effect being especially pretty. The windows were darkened and the bright glare of the electric lights added to the beauty of the scene. The happy couple entered the

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Practically everybody in Toronto knows Professor J. F. Davis. For years, the elite of that city has taken lessons from Prof. Davis in the art of dancing and deportment.

His constant activity gradually weakened his kidneys, which calamity threatened to make him an invalid.

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DURHAM 29th, 1911

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church to the sweet strains of the organ as Miss Georgie Wathen played "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden," and the soft low notes of the music were continual all through the service. The happy young bride looked beautiful in a becoming gown of cream silk. At the close of the service the bridal party returned to the parsonage where an excellent dinner was served. Immediately after dinner Mr. and Mrs. Squires left for Moncton en route to their future home, amidst the cheers and good wishes of a host of friends who gathered to see them away. The bride's going-away dress was of ladies' grey cloth.

The groom's present to the bride was a piano, and to the organist a beautiful amethyst pendant. The parents and sisters of the bride gave her a substantial check. Besides she was handsomely remembered by many friends and other well wishers. Both Mr. and Mrs. Squires have friends in this province who will join in wishing them a happy voyage through life.

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Due to Acid in the Blood—Can Only be Cured Through the Blood.

Not many years ago even doctors thought that rheumatism was only a local pain caused by exposure to cold or wet. Now they know that the trouble is caused by the blood becoming tainted with uric acid. This condition of the blood causes the muscles to contract, stiffens the joints and irritates the nerves. If not promptly treated the stiffness spreads and the pain grows worse until you are a helpless cripple, tortured day and night. If the disease touches the heart it means sudden death. You cannot cure rheumatism with liniments, plasters or hot clothes, as so many try to do. You must go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. The scientific way to cure rheumatism is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new, rich blood, that goes right to the root of the trouble. They sweep out the poisonous acid, loosen the aching joints and muscles and bring ease and freedom where before had been pain and misery.

Miss Beulah Sheppy, Morpeth, Ont., says: "Following an attack of measles I took inflammatory rheumatism. My joints became swollen and the pain was almost unbearable. I doctored with two doctors, but the pain was only relieved while I was taking their medicine, and soon returned. For six months I continued to suffer in this way. Then I tried electric pads, but they failed to do me any good. Finally a friend persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I had not been taking them long before I found relief. I continued using the Pills for a time and soon found myself in perfect health and feeling like a new person. I never lose an opportunity to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as I cannot say enough in favor of them."

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THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES

(Continued from page nine)

There was a low sigh of that gay and bright up pictures of the clubhouse, and I thought and thought how quiet it was and how far away and how cold it was, too, and how secret. I would go there for what I had to do—there! And then I saw in my fancy one of its rooms, with the moon in it, and—but I soon shut my eyes to that. I heard Arthur moving about his room, and this made me start up and go out into the hall again.

Arthur's room is near and Adelaide's far off, but I went to Adelaide's first. Her door was shut, and when I went to open it I found it locked. Calling her name, I said that I was tired and would be glad to say good night. She did not answer at once. When she did her voice was strange, though what she said was very simple—I was to please myself she was going to retire too. And then she tried to say good night, but she only half said it. Like one who is choked with tears or some other dread emotion, I cannot tell you how this made me feel, but you don't care for that. You want to know what I did what Adelaide did. I will tell you, but I cannot hurry.

"Take your time, Miss Cumberland we have no wish to hurry you."

"I can go on now. The next thing I did was to knock at Arthur's door. I heard him getting ready to go out, and I wanted to speak to him before he went. When he heard me he opened the door and let me in. He began at once on his grievances, but I could not listen to them. I wanted him to harness the gray mare for me and leave it standing in the stable. I explained the request by saying that it was necessary for me to see a certain friend of mine immediately and that no one would notice me in the outer under the bearskins. He didn't approve, but I persuaded him. I even persuaded him to wait till Zadok was gone, so that Adelaide would know nothing about it. He looked grim, but he promised.

"He was going away when I heard Adelaide's steps in the adjoining room. This frightened me. The partition is very thin between these two rooms and I was afraid she had heard me ask Arthur for the gray mare and cut her. I could hear her rattling the buttons in the medicine cabinet hanging on this very wall. I hurried back to my own room, where I collected such little articles as I needed for the expedition before me.

"I had hardly done this when I heard the servants on the walk outside, then Arthur going down. The impulse to see and speak to him again was irresistible. I flew after him and caught him in the lower hall. 'Arthur, I cried, 'look at me—look at me well—and then—kiss me!' And he did kiss me. I'm glad when I think of it, but he did say next morning: 'What is the matter with you? What are you going to do to meet that villain?'

"I looked straight into his face. I waited till I saw I had his whole attention. Then I said as slowly and emphatically as I could: 'If you mean Elwood—not I shall never meet him again, except in Adelaide's presence. He will not want to meet me. You may be at ease about that. Tomorrow all will be well and Adelaide very happy.'

"He shrugged his shoulders and reached for his coat and hat. As he was putting them on I said, 'Don't forget to harness up Jenny.' Jenny is the gray mare. 'And leave off the bells,' I urged. 'I don't want Adelaide to hear me go out.'

"He swung about at this. 'You and Adelaide are not very good friends, it seems.' 'As good as you and she are,' I answered. Then I flung my arms about him. 'Don't go down street to-night,' I prayed. 'Stay home for this one night. Stay in the house with Adelaide. Stay till I come home! He stared, and I saw his color change. Then he flung me off, but not rudely. 'Why don't you stay?' he asked. Then he laughed and added, 'I'll go harness the mare.'

"The key's in the kitchen,' I said. 'I'll go get it for you. I heard Zadok bring it in.' He did not answer, and I went for the key. I found two on the nail, and I brought them both, but I only handed him one, the key to the stable door. 'Which way are you going?' I asked as he looked at the key, then back toward the kitchen. 'The short way, of course.' 'Then here's the key to the Fulton grounds.'

"As he took the key I prayed again: 'Don't do what's in your mind, Arthur. Don't drink tonight.' He only laughed, and I said my last word: 'If you do it will be for the last time. You'll never drink again after tomorrow.'

"He made no answer to this, and I went slowly upstairs. Everything was quiet—quiet as death—in the whole house. If Adelaide had heard us she made no sign. Going to my own room, I waited until I heard Arthur

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came out of the stable and go away by the door in the rear wall. Then I stole out again. I carried a small bag with me, but no coat or hat.

"Pausing and listening again and again, I crept downstairs and halted at the table under the rack. The keys were still there. Putting them in my bag, I searched the rack for one of my brother's warm coats. But I took none I saw. I remembered an old one which Adelaide had put away in the closet under the stairs. Getting this, I put it on, and finding a hat there, too, I took that also, and when I had pulled it over my forehead and drawn up the collar of the coat I was quite unrecognizable. I was going out when I remembered there would be no light in the clubhouse. I had put a box of matches in my bag while I was upstairs, but I needed a candle. Slipping back, I took a candlestick and candle from the dining room mantle and drove swiftly away."

"How did you leave the stable door?"

"Open."

"Can you tell us what time it was when you started?"

"No. I did not look. Time meant nothing to me. I drove as fast as I could straight down the hill and out toward the Whispering Pines. I had seen Adelaide in her window as I went flying by the house, but not a soul on the road nor a sign of life near or far. The whistle of a train blew as I stopped in the thicket near the clubhouse door. If it was the express train you can tell."

"Never mind the if," said Mr. Moffat. "It is enough that you heard the whistle. Go on with what you did."

(To be Continued.)

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- 9 Pacific and Nechaaco Valley
- 10 Grand Trunk Pacific Fort George Vancouver Branch

When the mountains were formed and the broad valleys took their shapes, nature made the location for the future city of **Fort George**. It is just as natural and proper that an important city should be built on that spot as for a baby to take milk. We are doing something to help nature; we are calling attention to the natural resources, and, ourselves trying to take advantage of these and urging others to acquire valuable holdings at **Fort George**. But the real foundation of the future greatness of **Fort George** is in conditions that no man has created; among these we name:

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Vast Agricultural Lands
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Sales Agent Fort George Townsite