SAVED AT THE LAST.

Madge Staunton, the only daughter of the vicar of Icktwell, had two lovers—Harold Garth, and George Leggett. It was plain to all that her choice tell upon the former, a tall, thin, sad-faced man, prematurely gray, who owned his own farm, and, for a wonder, made it pay fairly well, one reason being that it lay by the side of the river Sedge, and was therefore well watered. Yet one August afternoen, in a mement of pique, she rejected Garth, and accepted his rival, a comparatively recent settler in the village, about whose antecedents very little was known. How it happened she scarcely knew afterward. The two men were playing tennis at the vicarage, and Garth said something she didn't like, and Leggett profited by his opportunity. That is the best explanation that can be given of an incident which had unexpectedly serious results. Grath, unwilling to accept the position, lingered until long after tea-time and Leggett, determined not to leave his rival upon the field of battle, stayed to guard his new acquisition, both of them eventually going away together.

There was a supper that evening at the doctor's house, and they had promised to be present, yet, strangely enough, neither of them did so. Madge, who was one of the party, was greatly perplexed at their absence. She was also much disturbed, tor she had already repented of her rash act, and had decided to take the first opportunity of setting matters right. As it turned out, however, the opportunity never arrived. Leggett had vanished, and nobody knew what had become of him.

The vicarage, it should be explained, was half a mile from the village. About half way, at a sharp bend, was a cottage, in which lived a sailor named Andrews and his wife. A little further from the vicarage, the road crossed the river and then divided the left branch going near Garth's farm and the right toward the village, in which Leggett lodged at the post-

As far as the bridge, then, the road for the two men, as they returned from the something unusual had occurred. Had brought up before the magistrates. anything occurred? A statement made by Mrs. Andrews was suggestive. She said that between seven and eight o'clock she heard loud voices and, going to the door, she saw Garth and Leggett walking pened. Grieved as she was at Leggett's toward the bridge. Evidently they were then on their way back from the vicarage. High words were passing between them, Garth, whose innocence she never doubted and she distinctly heard Garth threaten to for a moment, and gradually there arose smash Leggett's head. As it was already in her the conviction that it was her duty known that Madge had that very afternoon promised to marry the latter, the news argued with her, urging that such work having been spread by the vicarage servants, a suspicion got about that he had been murdered by Garth.

The suspicion was strengthened by the discovery of a pocket book not very far from the bridge. The actual spot was a clump of chestnut trees in the centre of a meadow belonging to Garth. It was undoubtedly his pocket-book, for it contained his name, and upon it were recent stains of blood. That was the opinion of the police inspector who now took charge of the case. He called upon Grath, and requested an explanation-of course with the usual

"In the first place, Mr. Garth," said he, "how came you to be in that meadow? It is out of the direct line to your house.'

"Sit down, inspector," said Garth, much disturbed, "and I'll tell, you." The door had been left open, and he went to close it, walking with uncertain strides across the long, narrow, low-ceiled room, with its queer, old-fashioned furniture and French windows, at which the roses tapped as they waved in the breeze. When he had returned to his seat, he said: "By the morning's post I received an anonymous letter, asking for an interview at the clump of chestnuts at half-past eight in the evening. I could not understand it, and perhaps if I had acted prudently I should have disregarded it. But I was curious to see what would come of it, so I went, only to find nobody there-perhaps because 1 was rather late.

"That is a strange story," said the inspector, looking at him keenly. "Are you in the habit of receiving anonymous letters ?" "No, indeed. This was the first. If it

hadn't been, I daresay I should have put it on the fire.' "But you were expected at the doc-

tor's ?" "Just so. And instead of going there, I went to the meadow."

"Because it was the more important?" "Because-well, the fact was, something had occurred." He hesitated and, with heightened color, proceeded: "I had had a little misunderstanding with Miss Staunton, and I thought the letter might refer to

"I see," said the inspector, significantly. "She had just promised to marry Mr. Leggett, instead of you, had she not? I the letter please ?

"I burned it." The inspector looked grave. "Yes, I know it is awkward," said

Garth. "But I had not the smallest notion it would ever be wanted, and when I got back I was so annoyed at having been on a tool's errand that I threw the letter on the fire." "If what you say is the truth, Mr.

Garth," said the inspector-"and it is not for me to doubt you-circumstances have conspired against you in a very unfortunate manner. Are you aware that your pocketbook has been found in the meadow ?" "I was not," replied Garth, suddenly

thrusting his hand into his breast pocket. "I didn't even know I had lost it. I see now I have. I took it out because the lettime or place. And it has been found in the meadow! Then it confirms what I said."

"But," said the inspector, speaking very slowly," "there was blood upon it, Mr. Garth."

Garth, who had been hanging forward in his chair, suddenly sat erect, thoroughly startled, his face pale, a look almost of fear in his eyes.

looks so bad, yet the explanation is so more than I did. Not that he had any simple, if only you will believe me. There feeling against poor Mr. Leggett at all,

is the gate, as you know, on the side of the meadow nearest my house, and instead of going round to it, as I was late, I climbed over the fence. In doing so I slipped, and tore my hand against a bramble. See, there is the scratch," and he held out his hand to show the scratches on the back of

"That might be held as evidence of a struggle," said the inspector.

A constable entered the room. He had come in search of the inspector, whom he now addressed.

"We have found the body, sir," he said. "The face is so battered as to be unrecognizable; but the clothes were close by. There was no money in the pockets except an Australian sovereign, and no article of any value, only a gold locket containing a

young lady's portrait."
"The clothes close by!" repeated the inspector, who did not live in the neighborhood. "What do you mean?"

"There is a deep pool at the corner of the meadow where the pocket-book was found, and Mr. Leggett was in the habit of bathing there at all hours-sometimes late in the evening, sometimes early in the morning. There are alders round it which screen anyone from observation. As it was sultry last evening, Mr. Leggett must have gone there to bathe as usual, for his clothes were in a little nook at the bottom of a tree. The body was found about twenty yards lower down the river."

"Any signs of a struggle?" "Yes, sir," replied the constable, "there are marks on the bank. I should say that feet. the unfortunate gentleman must have been returning to his clothes-half in the water and half out-when he was attacked by some one on the bank above and beaten to death. That's what it looks like to me." The inspector rose from his chair.

"Well, I'm atraid there's no help for it," he said. "You must consider yourself in custody, Mr. Garth-at any rate, until after the inquest."

Garth only bowed his head. The inquest lasted two days. Upon the second day the jury returned to a verdict of wilful murder against Harold Garththe only one open to them under the cirvicarage, was the same; but at that point cumstances-and in consequence he was they would have parted company, unless | tormally taken into custody, in order to be

When the first news of this dreadful thing reached the vicarage, Madge was completely prostrated, for she laid upon herself the entire blame for what had hapdeath, she was infinitely more concerned about the awful fate which threatened to save him. In vain her father and mother was not for a girl, and that in any case her great world outside their little country interference in a matter which would be in the hands of experienced lawyers would be downright folly. Madge was proof against all arguments. She said that she had been the cause of all the trouble, and that she was therefore bound to put it right. And as her resolution grew, so did her strength

to carry it out also. As a preliminary measure, Madge pored over the evidence given at the inquest, reading it again and again, until she knew every line of it. The fact that made the deepest impression upon her was the discovery of the portrait in Leggett's pocket. There was a rumor that, before coming to reside at Icktwell, he had spent several years in Queensland, and Madge regarded the Australian sovereign 'also found in his pocket' as proof of the rumor. It so, might there not have been some mystery in his life which would give the clue to his death? The locket suggested the idea, not perhaps a very rational one. Madge obtained permission to examine it, and found that the portrait inside represented a very beautiful girl. Underneath was written the word "Tasma," evidently an Australian name, and to some extent suppor.ing her theory.

Before the case came before the magistrates, Madge communicated her ideas to Mr. Newling, the cautious. gray-haired solicitor who was engaged to defend Garth. Mr. Newling was rather amused at Madge's visit to his office on such an errand, and he was disposed to treat lightly the theories which she expounded with extraordinary earnestness. Suppose, he said, Leggett had at one time been in Australia, and suppose he had fallen in love with a pretty girl out there-what then? Wasn't that a very slender basis for her elaborate theor-

"Mr. Newling," burst out the desperate girl, faint from disappointment, "if you disregard what I have told you, I shall hate you to my dying day, and if the magistrates don't release Mr. Garth, his blood be upon your head." And with these words she left him.

As she feared, Garth was shortly afterwards committed for trial, and for that act she held the old lawyer responsible, and true to ber word, hated him as she had never hated any one before. Mingled with that feeling was a consuming dread, have heard a rumor to that effect." As no for the time that remained was so shortanswer was given, he asked: "May I see only three weeks—and what could she do? This sense of helplessness was terrible. She could do nothing but run to and fro, searching for she knew not what, hoping against hope, gradually giving way to

> Out of this she was roused by an interview with Mrs. Andrews, whose evidence with regard to the quarrel was the most damaging of all, supplying as it did the link between the motive and the crime itself. For this reason Madge hated her almost as much as she did Mr. Newling, and she had hitherto kept away from her. But in her extremity, ready to clutch at any straw, she now prevailed upon herself

to visit the cottage. Mrs. Andrews, a stout, red-faced woman, stood at the wash-tub up to her elbows in soap-suds. Ignorant of any feeling against ter was in it, and I wanted to satisfy myself herself, she received her visitor without he is suffering." that I hadn't made a mistake about the embarrassment, and when told what was wanted of her, talked freely, repeating over | until she felt strong enough to move, but and over again the words which she had heard spoken by Garth to Leggett.

"Were you alone in the cottage at the time?" asked Madge. "Yes, miss; quite alone."

"Where was your husband?"
"That's just what I'd like to know myself. He's a man here to-day and gone tomorrow, and never telling me where he's "Blood on the pocketbook! Certainly line to say he's got a ship; and since that you were right when you said that circummorning I've never seen him. If he'd been wife in Australia, contemplated marrying stances had consequently and sometime at the knowledge that Leggett, having one wife in Australia, contemplated marrying stances had consequently and sometime at the knowledge that Leggett, having one wife in Australia, contemplated marrying stances had consequently and the contemplated marrying stances and contemplated marrying stances are contemplated marrying stances. you were right when you said that circum-stances had conspired against me. It at the door, likely enough he d have heard looks as hed another in England, he had used this know-

drinking he could tell some queer things about him if he chose." "Queer things!" said Madge, eagerly.

"Well, it was something that happened out in Australia-in Melbourne. But I've never repeated it to anybody, and per-

"What sort of things?"

"Go on," said Madge, hoarsely. "Mr. Leggett used to live in Melbourne believe it, especially considering what I've heard lately, Miss"—she looked significantly over the wash-tub at Madge-"that

seem a thing a gentleman would do, now, Madge's breath came fast and thick.

"Had the young lady a relative-perhaps a brother?" she almost panted. "Did you hear that? And was he coming over here-over here in search of Mr. Legget? And did Mr. Leggett know it? And did the relative come here and-and kill him for what he had done? Speak, Mrs. Andrews. Don't you see I'm waiting?"

Mrs. Andrews was standing up, staring, her great round eyes open to their widest "Lor, miss," she said. "Jim didn't tell

me that at all. It wasn't Mr. Garth that done it, then? I thought all the time it have been." With a sudden effort, Madge rose to her

"Where is Andrews?" she asked. "I must speak to him at once.' "Didn't I say, miss, I hadn't set eyes on him since that afternoon? He's off somewhere, no doubt; but where it's towhether it's a voyage to China or to the moor.—he never thinks of telling his wife. He's not bad about sending home money-

I'll say that much for him. If only-"Where would be start from?" "The London docks, I suppose." Madge did not wait to hear another word. She hurried away without saying even good-bye, the astonished woman following her to the door and staring after

Firmly convinced of the idea that Andrews was possessed of information which ot this information with his sudden departure from Icktwell-Madge was bent on by Mr. Newling like a blind man. finding him at all costs. The fact that she to accompany her. So these two delicately nurtured woman, utterly ignorant of the parish, started off on their search-the forlornest of torlorn hopes-to find a par-

ticular sailor at the London docks. In this weary, heart-breaking work more than a fortnight was consumed, and the day of Garth's trial drew near-so near that Madge, with all her courage, had scarcely the strength to go on. She was worn to a shadow of her former self. And what wonder? From one end of the docks to the other she had trudged, not once, but many times. She had searched in the most impossible places; she had put questions to every one she met-such strange questions, asked in such a strange way, that many had thought her mad. And perhaps her brain was giving way a little; the strain upon it

was terrible Upon the day of her trial she was as far from the object of her search as she was when she started. That morning her father came to see her and to induce her to return home. At first, knowing what was taking place elsewhere, and borne down the hopelessness of her task, she seemed inclined to consent, but her spirit was not yet quite broken, and opposition giving her tresh strength, she declined to quit the scene of her labors.

Her mother being too fatigued to leave the lodgings which they had engaged, her father went with her, and, as usual, she set her face eastward, towards the docks. On the way she met a constable, and, as

was her habit, stopped and questioned him. "Andrews?" he said--"I seem to know the name. Why, yes, there was a man of that name—though I don't think he was a sailor-wounded in a brawl somewhere down Shadwell way last night. At first he refused to give any name, but afterward he said it was Andrews. He's in the hospital

"Which hospital?" gasped Madge, convinced that this was the man she soughtas if the world contained only one Andrews. When he had told her, she added:

"Father, call a cab-at once." Father and daughter were accordingly driven to the hospital, and, after some waiting, were conducted by a nurse into a long, narrow ward, in which were many beds, each with its suffering occupant. At one of the beds the nurse stopped. "This is Andrews," she said.

Madge looked at the man who lay there, and when she saw his face every particle of color left her cheeks, and with a sort of hysterical sob she cried:

"Mr. Leggett!" The shock of that discovery proved too much for her. She fainted, and had not she been caught in her father's arms would have fallen to the ground. When she recovered her senses, she was

in a small square room, containing only her father and the nurse. She looked around in a dazed and frightened way, and said: "Oh, father, was it all a dream? It

can't have been a dream.' "No, dear, no," said the vicar; "it was no dream. That misguided man Leggett is still alive, though his hours are numbered."

"Then Harold-Mr. Garth-is innocent! Oh, father, go to him. Don't loose a mement. No, never mind me. Think what

Her tather wished to remain with her St. John, Aug. 23, by Rev. Father O'Neill, James she insisted upon him going at once. He left her with the less reluctance as the matter was most urgent; indeed it was doubtful whether he would even now reach Eastham, where the case was being tried, before it was actually concluded. Madge stayed with the nurse, and from her learned the

only I've heard him say when he's been mous letter to Garth, his idea being to have two markets for his wares; but before that interview came off-while he was on his way to it—he had stayed to bathe in the pool by the alders, and at the hands of Leggett, driven to desperation, had met his death. After the commission of the crime, Leggett had purposely rendered the body unrecognizable, and taking Andrew's clothes, which were on the bank, and leaving his own instead, had made his escape to -and my man has been there several voy- London, panic stricken now that the murages, and he says, though I can't rightly | der was really committed, sheltering the night in common lodging houses, to die in the end by the knife of a drunken Lascar. It was this story that Madge heard from Mr. Leggett married a young lady out the nurse in the hospital, and with this there and deserted her. But it doesn't story that the vicar hurried as fast as train and cab could carry him, to Eastham. When he entered the court he found that the case was practically at an end. The jury had retired to consider their verdict, and the judge, evidently not expecting their absence to be long, was awaiting their return. In the dock sat Garth, his head sunk upon his breast, apparently unconscious of what was taking place around

The vicar hastened to Mr. Newling, who sat at the table, and whispered in his ear. At the same moment the jury returned, and with downcast faces took their places in the

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, 'are you agreed upon your verdiet?" "We are," said the foreman, with a face so white that already everybody in court

knew what it was. But here Garth's counsel sprang to his feet, the news having been told him by the

"Stop!" he said. "My lord, I beg your pardon; but before the verdict is given, I must speak. We have been engaged in a trial for murder-for the murder of George Leggett-yet George Leggett is actually alive at this moment, If your lordship will alow me, I will put a witness in the boxthe vicar of Ictwell-who has seen him and heard his confession."

Great as was the sensation in court, nobody was more astonished at this extraor- St. John, Aug. 29, John Boyd, 73. dinary turn of events than the jury, who had just agreed upon a verdict which would have resulted in the condemnation of Garth to death. They, at least, had had a lucky would go far to establish Garth's innocence escape. As for Garth, he was too dazed -inclined even to connect his possession to know what had happened, and when he was set free, he had to be led out of court

"You have to thank Miss Staunton for could not discover any trace of a stranger this." said the lawyer, enthusiastically. in the neighborhood did not in the least | "She's a wonderful girl. From the very shake her resolution. Nor did the argu- first she picked out an apparently trifling | St. John, Aug. 29, Rev. David B. Parnther. ments of her parents, and as she could not fact, and she has followed it up with almost be allowed to go alone, her mother decided incredible persistence until—until— Well, Charlottetown, Aug. 23, Libbie Handrahan, 22. here you are, not by my efforts, but by hers.

"Where is she?" asked Garth, a little light coming into his dull, say eyes.

He would have gone to her instantly had it been possible, but the strength had been drained out of him. He was ill for weeks afterward, during which times Leggett died in the hospital, and Madge was ill, too, so it was not for a couple of months that they met. And within a year they were married.

BORN.

Halifax, Aug. 23, to the wife of J. R. Henderson,

Ha'ifax, Aug. 23, to the wife of P. F. Brennan, St. John, Aug. 25, to the wife of James O'Brien, St. John, Aug. 5, to the wife of A. McNaughton,

St. John, Aug. 24, to the wife of Abraham Hayes, St. John, Aug. 24, to the wife of Alfred Bennett

Campbellton, Aug. 17, to the wife of J. P. Gulliver, Moncton, Aug. 18, to the wife of H. G. Marr,

Belmont, Aug. 16, to the wife of John R. Daniels, a St. John, Aug. 15, to the wife of James Hayes,

daughter. St. John, Aug. 28, to the wife of S. H. Crawford, a

Moncton, Aug. 28, to the wife of F. W. Sumner, Moncton, Aug. 21, to the wife of Joseph McClure, Fairfield, Aug. 10, to the wife of Edward Mitton, a

Fredericton, Aug. 12, to the wife of A. D. McPher Fairview, N. S. Aug . 21, to the wife of John Gough,

Lunenburg, Aug, 21, to the wife of Lewis Herman, Richibucto, Aug. 9, to the wife of Donald McBeath, Belmont, N. S. Aug. 16, to the wife of John Light-

Middle Sackville, Aug. 22, to the wife of John Galloway, N. B. July 28, to the wife of James T.

Kingsclear, N. B. Aug. 19, to the wife of G. S Maunsell, a son. ummerside, P. E. I. Aug 23, to the wife of J. E. Wvatt, a daughter. Middle Sackville, Aug. 17, to the wife of Raymond Legere, a daughter

Middle Sackville, Aug 17, to the wife of George Mc-

MARRIED.

Pictou, Aug. 16, by Rev. W. G. Lane, Joshua Dob-son fo Emma Ross. Freeport, N. S. by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, J. S. Tim-pany to Nellie Havey. Hayesville, N. B. Aug. 16, by Rev. E. Bill, Edmund Parker to Annie Moir. Halifax, Aug. 23, by Rey. J. L. Dawson, Warren Smith to Martha Day.

St. John, Aug. 22, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Alonza Belyea to Ella French. St. Cloud, Minn., Aug. 9, Alex. Asher to Hannah Miller of Truro, N. S.

Yarmouth, Aug. 23, by Rev. J. E. Goucher, James Nickerson to Ida Edgar. Perth, N. B. by Rev. H. T. Estabrooks, William Withers to Cassie Parlee. Rothesay, Aug. 22, by Rev. G. E. Lloyd, W. J. Moran to Fannie Darling. Halifax, Aug. 28, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Andrew

Moncton, Aug. 21, by Rev. M. Robinson, John B. Smith to Annie I. Willis. Halifax, Aug. 24, by Rev. William E. Hall, Geo. L. Bishop to Grace C. Arnold.

Chatham, Aug. 22, by Rev. D. Reid, Joseph A. Nictaux, N. S. Aug. 22, by Rev. C. E. Pineo, Eli Woodworth to Ziba Durling. Florenceville, Aug. 20, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Allen Green to Blanche Ellis.

St. John, Aug. 29, by Rev. T. Casey, William Rice to Minute E. Delahunt. explanation of the mystery.

It appeared that the body found by the Rice to Minnie E. Delanum.

St. Martins, Aug. 16, by Rev. C. W. Williams, Bryan Hopey to Ida J. Black.

Bryan Hopey to Ida J. Black.

Riverside, N. B. Aug. 18, by Rev. Father Carson, Martin Carty to Teresa Howard. Fredericton, Aug. 14, by Rev. F. D. Crawley, Jonah Mullin to Martha Biddiscombe.

Campbellton, Ang. 22. by Rev. A. F. Carr, James A. Wood to Phoebe Armstrong. Fredericton, Aug. 14, by Rev. F. D. Crawley, E. A Parker to Mrs. Brunswick Allen. Blackville, N. B. Aug. 16, by Rev. G. T. Johnstone

Max Storey to Bertha McKinley. St. John, Aug. 28, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, Oscal G. Kitchin to Maggie J. Lindsay. Kentville, Aug. 22, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Abra ham Melvin to Mrs. Lavinia Cain.

Tatamagouche, Aug. 24, by Rev. R. Simmond Lewis James to Mary A. Smyth. Lower Argyle, Aug. 17, by Rev. J. L. Smith, Sew ard N. Sawyer to Ella C. Spinney.

Fredericton, Aug. 19, by Rev. F. D. Gregory E. Lobb to Lide B. Dow. Tracadie, N. B. Aug. 13, by Rev. J. A. Babineau Peter Archer to Mary E. Lavinge. Springhill, N. S. Aug. 16, by Rev. E. E. England Simon Lraser to Annie L. Herritt. Greenwich, N. B. Aug. 23, by Rev. D. W. Pickett Hudson Belyea to Barbara Sutton.

Hibernia, Aug. 20, by Rev. C.B. Lewis, Geo. Flewelling to Mrs. Annie McOnchie. Springhill, N. S. Aug. 16, by Rev. E E England, Albert E, Monroe to Flora T. Terris. Truro, Aug. 15, by Rev. A. Logan Geggie, Alexander G. McHardy to Isabella D. Fraser.

River John, N. S. Aug. 19, by Rev. G. S. Gordon James S. Chisholm to Mary J. Rogers. Fredericton, Aug. 23, by Rev. F. D. Crawley, Frederic G. Burpee to Mina U. Everett. Florenceville, Aug. 23, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Elisha J. Crawford to Georgie D. Turner. Ashland, N. B. Aug. 19, by Rev. T. S. VanWart, Woodford C. Craig to Kebecca McCallum.

Grand Harbor, N. B. Aug. 18, by Rev. Irvin Harvey, Isaac Levitt Newton to Sarah Daggett. East River, N. B. Ang. 16, by Rev. J. D. McFarlane, Eben McN. Archibald to Lena Gunn. Glenlevit, N. B. Aug. 22, by Rev. Geo. Millar, Isaiah Kierstead to Margaret McRay Bain. Boisdale, C. B. Aug. 15. by Rev. A. F. McGillivray, Daniel McDonald to Kate McIntyre. Little River, N. B. Aug. 16, by Rev. John Hawley, A. Ellis McAllister to Marion E. Weatherby.

Charlottetown, P. E. I. Aug. 16, by Rev. W. W. Brewer, Hammond J. Kelly to Edith L. Stum-Westport, N. S. Aug. 13, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, assisted by Rev. C. C. Rowlinson, Herbert Outhouse to Vicie Blackford.

DIED.

Halifax, Aug. 28, Maggie Hutt, 9. Kentville, Aug. 24, Osear J. Reid. St. John, Aug. 27, Jane Russel, 80. Carleton, Aug. 26, Henry Magee, 69. St. John, Aug. 28, Wilmot Purdy, 78. Fredericton, Aug. 16, James Duffie, 37. Brookville, Aug. 23, Jane MacBeth, 73. Oak Bay, Aug. 20, William Preston, 73. Halifax, Aug. 20, S. Avery Mulhall, 28. St. John, Aug. 25, Louisa B. Clarke, 74. Sussex, N. B. Aug. 23. Hugh Brown, 67. Mira, C. B. Aug. 19, John McDonald, 73. Halifax, Aug. 5, Alexander McLellan, 51. Antigonish, Aug. 13, Daniel McDonald, 56. Halifax, Aug. 23, of paralysis, Elizabeth Crotty. Chegoggin, N. S. Aug. 23, Nelson Corning sr., 87. Mabou Mines, C. B. Aug. 13, Angus Beaton, 76. North River, N. S. Aug. 3, John H. McNutt, 50. Riverton, N. S. Aug. 19, Robert McNaughton, 22. Mt. Hanley, N. S. Aug. 14, Mrs Gilbert Hayes, 27. St. John, Aug. 28, Sarah, wife of James M. Kerr, 28. West River. N. S. Aug. 14, John D. McKenzie, 73. Dartmouth, Aug. 24, widow of late Geo. Shrine, 78. Pictou, Aug. 15, Sophia, widow of late John Grant,

St. John, Aug. 26, of paralysis, James Cummins, St. John, Aug. 25, Mary A., wife of James Howard,

St. Margaret's Bay, Aug. 23. Clarence B. Pierce, Port Elgin, Aug. 23, James Eldridge, son of C. E. Halifax, Aug. 24, Harry F. W. son of W. H.

Boylston, Aug. 14, Margaret, widow of late Joseph Dartmouth, Aug 24, Mary A., widow of late George

Pugwash, Aug. 23, Julia Fulton, wife of Milledge Charlottetown, Aug. 11, Teresa J., wife of Hugh . John, Aug. 26, Julia, widow of late Michael Mc

Richmond, N. S. Aug 28, son of John and Margaret Lincoln, Aug. 6, Rebecca, widow of late John Mc North Sydney, Aug. 19, Jane, wife of Captain J. P.

Angrove, 52. West Royalty, P. E. I. Aug. 11, John Vail, of St Clifton, Aug. 22, Margaret C., widow of the late West Caledonia, N. S. Aug. 23, Ellen Mary, wife of John Conway, 38

St. John, Aug. 24, Gertrude Maude, daughter of Hugh S. Gregory. Shelburne, Aug. 18, Mary Eva, daughter of Augus Waweig, N. B. Aug. 18, Addie, daughter of late Andrew Morrison.

St. John, Aug. 28, Francis Joseph, son of Francis J. Salmon River, N. S. Aug. 14, Margaret O'Neil, wife of Richard Condon Bridgewater, Aug. 19, Experience, widow of late

Milltown. Aug. 22, Louis M., son of Rasmus and Catherine Miller, 16. Greenfield, N. S. Aug. 18, Rebecca, widow of late Gorham Freeman, 85 Fairville, Aug. 29, Edgar Olive, son of Jos. W. and Ella Rowley, 2 months.

Fredericton, Aug. 25, Lelia Pearl, daughter of William K. and Sarah White, 6. Greenwick, Aug. 22, Harold J., son of Thomas and Maggie J. Bacon, 5 months. Chatham, Aug. 17, Stuart, son of Theopolius and Mary DesBrisay, 5 months. Woodstock, Aug. 15, Charles Earl, son of Samue

and Barbara Gray, 8 months. Halifax, Aug. 25, Joseph W. B., son of T. G. and Jessica McDonaid, 4 months. St. John, Aug. 26. Jane, widow of the late John Middleton, of Holderville, 94. Limerick, Me. Aug. 27, Frank, son of Weeden Wetmore, of Apohaqui, N. B.

Truro, Aug. 23, cf convulsions. Robert, son of Daniel C. and Olivia Miller, 31. Newcastle, Aug. 12. Richard Lawrence, son of Allan and Susan Ritchie, 3 months St. John, Aug. 24, Gladys A., adopted daughter of Capt. Joseph and Emma Matson. Portland, Ore., Aug. 11, Albert Beckwith, son of Albert Beckwith, of Nictaux, N. S.

Halifax, Aug. 23, Clarence Archibald, son of Mat thew and Aggie Lownds, 5 months. London, Eng. Aug. 16, Elizabeth, widow of late William Ellman, of St. John, N. B. St. Mary's, Aug. 21, Violet Ruth, daughter of James and Rebecca Stickles, 3 months. Carleton, Aug. 29, Beatrice Blanchard, daughter of Walter H. and Bertha Allen, 7 months.

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RAILWAYS.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Monday, June 26th, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as fellows:

daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.

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 5.50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 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.

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

Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. J. BRIGNEL. General Superach, t. Yarmouth, N.S.

Intercolonial Railway.

1893-SUMMER ARRANGEMENT-1893. On and after Monday, the 26th June, 1893, the Trains of this Railway will run daily

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

-- Sunday excepted -- as follows:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene 10.10 Express for Halifax..... 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 Moneton, at 19.50 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Halifax (Monday excepted).. 600 Express from Chicago, Montreal, and Quebec, (Monday excepted)..... 8.30 Express from Moncton (daily)..... 8,30 Accommodation from Point du Chene,..... 12.55

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 18.30 Express from Halifax and Sydney...... 22.35 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated

by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Levis, are lighted by All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER. General Manager.

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

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Steamer "City of St. John" will leave Yarmouth, every Friday at 7. a. m., for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear) Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday.

Steamer Alpha leaves St. John every Tuesday and Friday at 7 p. m. for Yarmouth.

L. E. BAKER, Managing Agent. July 13, 1893. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Daily Line

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2nd, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston as follows: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY mornings at 7.25 standard, for Eastport and Boston. TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning close conditions.

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